

THE ADVENTURE SERIES



JAMES GRIFFIN'S

ADVENTURES



on LAND AND SEA.

By HARRY DEE.



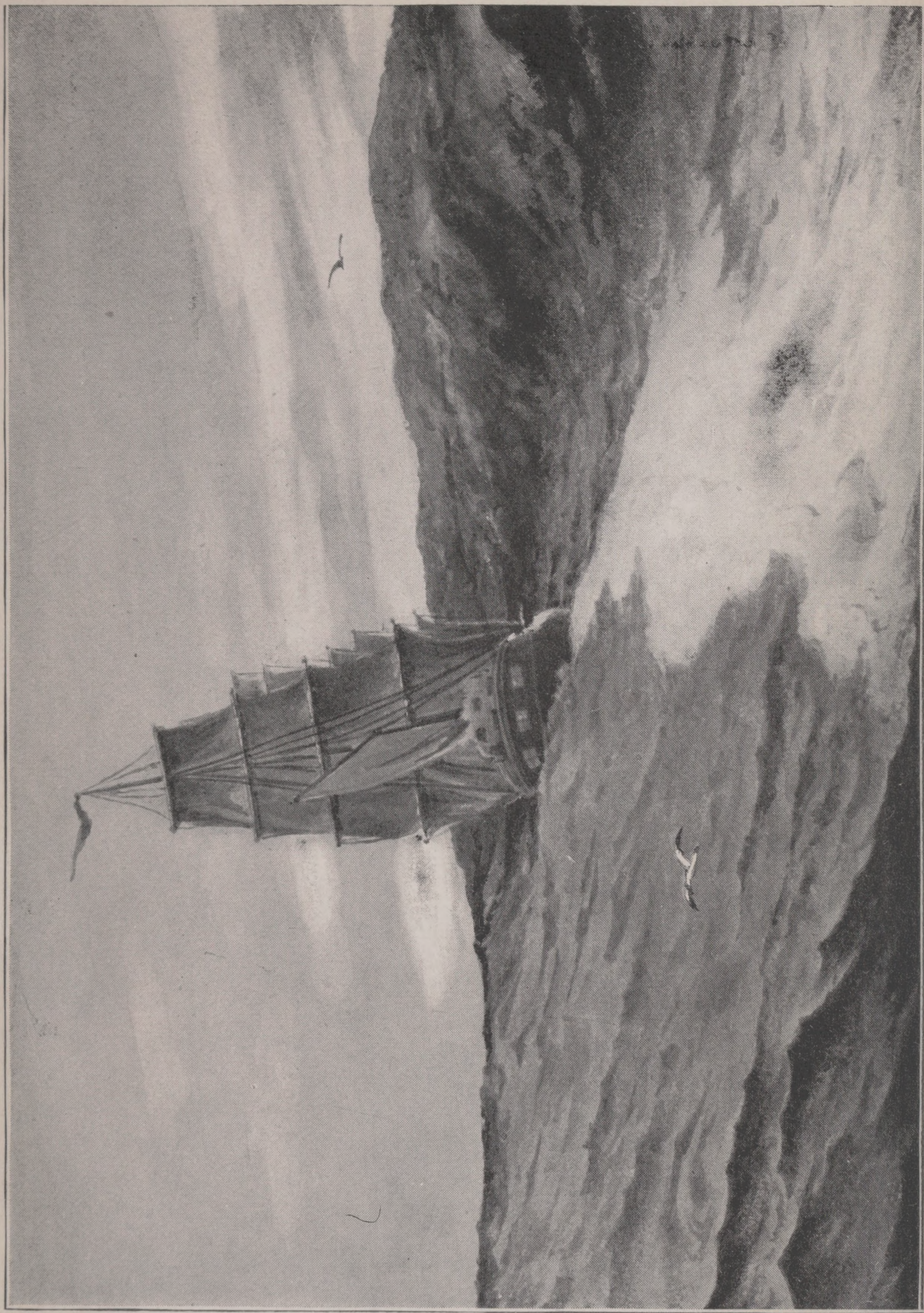


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THEY SUDDENLY SAW, IN THE DISTANCE, A RIDGE OF WATER THAT ADVANCED WITH GRANDEUR,
SILENTLY, MENACINGLY AND SWIFTLY, TOWARD THEM.—See page 102.

THE ADVENTURE
S E R I E S

JAMES GRIFFIN'S ADVENTURES

ON

LAND AND SEA

Harvey E. Danko

By HARRY DEE *penman*

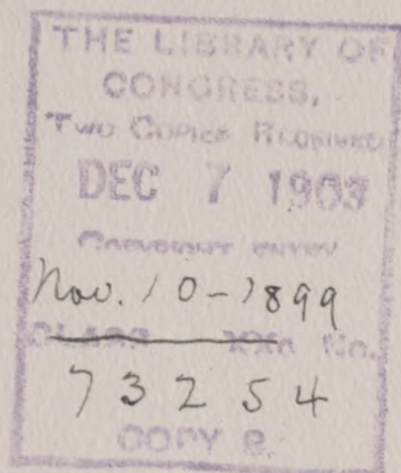
THE ADVENTURE
S E R I E S

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WITH SIXTEEN FULL-PAGE
HALFTONE ILLUSTRATIONS

J. H. YEWDALE & SONS CO., Publishers
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PREFACE.

In placing these three volumes before the public, the author is confident that they will be well received by the boys and girls of America. The three books relate the strange adventures of James Griffin and his sister Helen, on Land and Sea, in Alaska, and later in South Africa.

The hero is a thorough young American, courageous and full of resources, and he is thereby able to help himself out of many tight places.

The story has been highly commended by many people well able to judge of its merits, and the universal verdict has been that when these books are once taken up they will, with the greatest reluctance, be laid aside.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
I. A Few Words About Our Hero.....	7
II. Sorrow at Home	13
III. The Conspirators.....	20
IV. Escape from the Vessel.....	27
V. Helen to the Rescue.....	36
VI. James Disappears.....	43
VII. Helen's Search for James.....	50
VIII. James Turns Up.....	56
IX. Captain Hardy Plots Further	61
X. James is Set Ashore.....	67
XI. Brother and Sister Meet.....	75
XII. James off to Sea.....	83
XIII. Helen Makes Her Escape.....	87
XIV. James' Life on Board Ship.....	95
XV. Mrs. Griffin's Grief.....	105
XVI. The Mysterious Voice.....	111
XVII. Helen Again Home.....	117
XVIII. James Makes More Trouble.....	123
XIX. James on the Island.....	131
XX. Captain Hardy Hears of Helen's Escape.....	138
XXI. Cannibals Visit the Island.....	145
XXII. A Strange Meeting.....	150
XXIII. Off for the South Pacific.....	158
XXIV. Mr. Griffin Tells His Story.....	164
XXV. Savages Again Visit the Island.....	170
XXVI. The Pursuers.....	178
XXVII. In Search of the Island.....	186
XXVIII. To the Rescue.....	193
XXIX. James and His Father Smoked Out.....	198
XXX. A Happy Meeting.....	207
XXXI. Captain Napier's Story.....	213
XXXII. Mr. Griffin's Story	220
XXXIII. Captain Hines' Last Trip.....	227

INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.
They suddenly saw, in the distance, a ridge of water that advanced with grandeur, silently, menacingly and swiftly, toward them.....	<i>Frontispiece</i>
“You sent for me, Captain Hardy,” announced James, politely.....	16
The captain lay cowering before the menacing form of the young man.....	32
Helen stood back of the chair and also read the threatening words.....	48
“She’s come to see her brother and take him home again,” said Joe	52
“That’s the boy’s sister,” answered Captain Hines. “She’s been looking for him.”	60
“James!” was all Helen could say, as she embraced her brother.....	80
On, on, Helen ran, with a set and determined face.....	92
“Captain Hardy evidently intends that I shall not want for means of amusing myself,” said James.....	96
“James Griffin, you will soon be asleep, and when you awake we shall be far away”	128
“How was the trip?” asked Hardy, who owned a half interest in the Sea Gull.....	144
“What is your name, young man, if I may ask?” “Griffin—James Griffin”	160
They selected suitable places for openings and began to dig ditches in many directions.....	176
Mrs. Griffin and Helen stood near the rail and anxiously waited for the captain to speak.....	192
Mr. Griffin sent a few shots into the woods with his rifle, and James did the same with his revolver.....	208
“Captain Hines,” said James, “let me introduce to you an old acquaintance, my father, Mr. Griffin”	224

JAMES GRIFFIN'S ADVENTURES

ON LAND AND SEA.

CHAPTER I.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT OUR HERO.

James Griffin had just reached his nineteenth birthday at the opening of this story. He was an intelligent, energetic, ambitious, God-fearing young man, and he was sure to become an exemplary member of society.

He was well-built for his age and was an athlete of no mean ability among his schoolmates, and it was through his great work that his college ranked so high in its athletic contests. James was far advanced in his studies, and stood high in chemistry and electricity. He was also a clever conjurer, and quite an adept in ventriloquism. He had learned

many tricks through his acquaintance with a man who made a living as a sleight-of-hand performer.

James had given a number of successful entertainments at his home and at the homes of his friends. They all looked upon him as a veritable genius, and he was therefore extremely popular.

No boy in school had a larger following, and his influence was always for the good. He frowned down the many bad habits that the young men were addicted to, and his teacher often remarked that but for James the work of handling the pupils would have been doubled.

There were many older boys in school than James, but being the pitcher of the baseball club and the most agile player in the football eleven, he was the hero of the college.

Often the young men congregated after practice to talk over their athletic work, and the following incidents will show the sturdy character of James, and his great moral courage.

At one of these meetings, in the early days of James' college life, the talk had drifted into story telling, and as one of the larger boys, and the old-

est one in school, related a story of more than doubtful character, and which was received with great laughter, James suddenly arose, and buttoning his coat, said: "Gentlemen, I am going home! Good-night!"

There could not have been greater consternation in any army camp into which a Lyddite shell had been thrown than there was among James' companions when he so peremptorily left them.

Sneering remarks at his action were the first words spoken, but there were a number of the young men who greatly admired the bold stand James had taken, and encouraged at his action they supported him.

"Who is this James Griffin, and on what has he fed, that he should put himself up as a moral example for all of us to follow?" said the story-teller, sneeringly.

"Well, I am sure he has a right to show his displeasure at your actions if he sees fit to do so," answered one of James' defenders.

The meeting soon broke up, and next day at school one of James' friends asked him why he

had taken such severe measures in showing his disapproval.

"There was nothing else to do. I am determined to keep my mind, body and soul clean, and my mother—" James said the word "mother" with a reverence that showed his great love and devotion to her—"always instructed me to make my life a challenge, not a compromise. Had I even silently listened to that story yesterday, it would have been a compromise. By getting up and leaving I made it a challenge, as I shall ever do. I may not be on such good terms with the boys here, but I shall be what is infinitely more valuable to me—I shall be on good terms with God, with my mother and myself!"

And the result of his action? Of course at first there was enmity on the part of some of the boys, but James' whole actions were so clean and courageous that a moral awakening came, which proved the turning point in many a boy's life.

James became the leader, and the weak characters were influenced for good, and the moral sentiment of the school was never better than when

James Griffin was there to rebuke evil as it had probably never been rebuked before.

At another time some boys had secured a keg of beer, and it was smuggled into the grounds. James was invited with a number of other boys to meet after school below the hill. No particulars were given, so James was there promptly. When the keg was brought out and its contents made known to him he refused to drink.

"Oh, come on James; it won't hurt you!" persuasively remarked one of the big boys. "All the fellows are going to take a drink. We hooked it from the saloon on Blank street."

"And you expect me to drink stolen beer? I say 'no'! I would not drink beer anyway, but you ought to be ashamed to admit what you have just said."

"Well, don't make such a fuss about it. Do you want to bring old Sharp Eyes down here?"

"It is immaterial to me who comes down here, or who hears what I have to say!" answered James.

"What a peculiar fellow you are, anyway. You

never go in for a good time or go out for a lark," answered the older boy.

"I am as ready for a good time as ~~any one~~ ^{any one} here, but I am not out for stealing or disgracing myself. My mother does not approve of my drinking liquors."

"But this is only beer—it won't hurt you."

"I said 'no', and I leave you at once. Come, boys," said James, as he walked away.

Here was a test.

The greater number of the young men followed James, and those who remained utterly failed to find any pleasure in the keg of beer.

There were many other incidents in James' career in college that showed his manhood and his ideas about what was right and wrong, but these two will give the reader a good insight into his character.

But James' college life was destined to be rudely broken into.

CHAPTER II.

SORROW AT HOME.

The Griffin family lived in the city of San Francisco, and James had just arrived home one afternoon and found his mother and sister Helen in great distress of mind. His mother held a letter in her hand, which she had been reading for some time.

“Well, mother dear, what is troubling you now?” asked James, as he saw the sorrow in her dear face.

“I must tell you, children, what has long been unknown to you,” answered the patient mother. “You know your father left here ten years ago to make a business trip to Australia. You know also that nothing has ever been heard of him since. You know your father was a vessel owner and had an interest in many properties. I always supposed that he was rich, but as long as two years ago his

former partner, Captain Hardy, informed me that many of their investments were bad, and that the hard times coming on, great losses and sacrifices were the result, so that the firm was practically bankrupt. In fact, we were dependent upon him for support, and the money we have been receiving regularly comes from his own pocket. He says he holds us all in high regard, and being convinced that your father is dead he now wishes me to marry him."

"—But dear father is not dead!" exclaimed Helen impulsively. "I think of him by day and dream of him by night! Father will return some day and he must find us waiting for him! I am sure God will have mercy on us, and some day dear father will return home!" And Helen Griffin's eyes turned to heaven in mute supplication.

Helen was seventeen years of age, and although she had seen little of the world, she was keen and bright. She had sunny, truthful eyes, and fair, broad, open brows, and there was a beauty in her face that gave promise of a womanhood as rare and noble as her childhood was pure.

“Yes, dear,” answered the mother, “I can only think of dear Emil—your father—as living, although my reason tells me he must now be dead!”

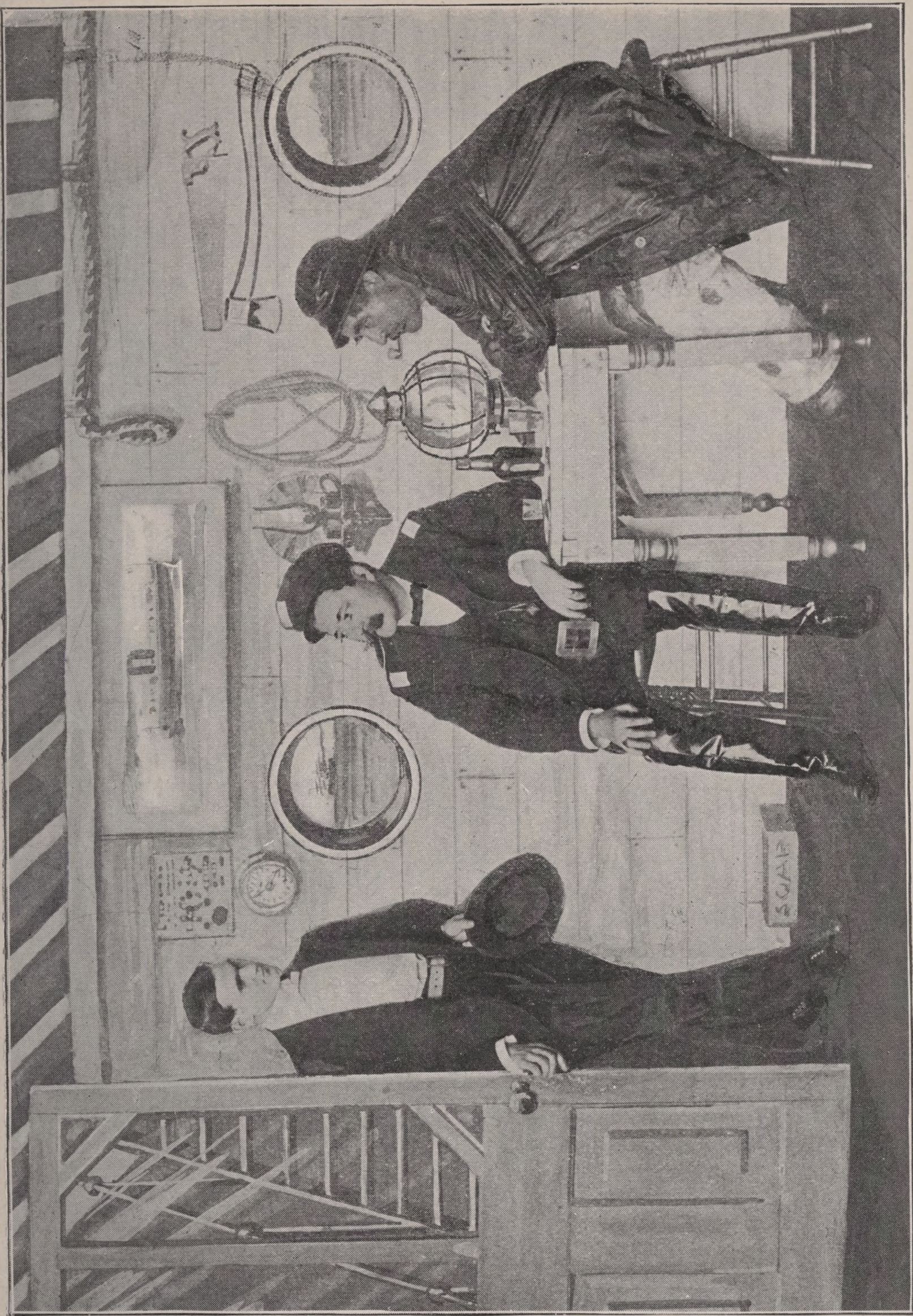
James had thus far said nothing. What he had heard from his mother shocked him greatly, and he was in deep thought. Many little events came to his mind now that he had never before noticed. Suspicion followed suspicion. He felt that the dealings of Captain Hardy were not honest, and he began to feel that his mother was being robbed by an unscrupulous man.

Captain Hardy was not only the former partner of Mr. Griffin, but he was a brother-in-law as well, his late wife being a sister of Mr. Griffin. At her death, which occurred about five years before the opening of this story, she left her nephew—James Griffin—a considerable fortune, and Captain Hardy was made guardian. In case James Griffin, our hero, should die before he became of age, the fortune was to revert to her former husband—the boy’s guardian. Captain Hardy’s interest in the firm was small, but Mr. Griffin had made him a

partner with a good salary out of consideration for his dead sister.

Captain Hardy came of an Eastern family and was the oldest of two brothers, and had come to San Francisco with good recommendations. He was well educated, and had for a time been in the government secret service. He had shown great zeal in hunting down counterfeiters, and was well versed in all manner of criminal doings. He could take almost any kind of cipher and decipher it in a short time. But that kind of life did not exactly suit him, so he took Horace Greeley's advice, and went West to grow up with the country. He wanted to make a fortune, and he thought that California offered the best inducements at that time. He became acquainted with Mr. Griffin's sister and they were soon married.

Captain Hardy was taken into Mr. Griffin's business, and his profits were large. After the supposed death of Mr. Griffin, Captain Hardy became neglectful of his wife and began to lead a dissipated life. The good woman grieved greatly, but bore her sorrows silently. The captain then began to



"YOU SENT FOR ME, CAPTAIN HARDY," ANNOUNCED JAMES POLITELY.—See page 25.

act cruelly toward her, and she became ill, and calling in an attorney made her will in her nephew's favor. James was her favorite, and she always predicted that he would become a worthy man. She felt that Helen would be well provided for by her mother, and she did not believe that a girl should have so much wealth as to induce fortune hunters to seek her hand in marriage, as she felt her husband had done in her case.

After her death, Captain Hardy found that the bulk of his wife's money was to go to James and he became furious, but seeing that it would do no good to make a fuss over it, he consoled himself by thinking that he would manage some way to get hold of James' fortune before he became of age.

All these matters came to the young man's mind, and he could see that there was danger ahead.

"How is it, mother," asked James, "that if Captain Hardy has lost his money and our money, too, that he can afford to live in such style and entertain so lavishly? If he is so poor he does not show it. There is something wrong somewhere, mother."

"If I had only known something of your father's business! But Emil had every confidence in his brother-in-law, and felt that should anything happen to him we would be dealt with honestly. I now believe Captain Hardy to be a bad man, and I doubt his honesty in settling up the firm's business, but we are now at that man's mercy."

"What does he say in his letter?" asked James.

"He writes that we are beggars, and that even the money coming to you has not been put into good investments. He says we have been dependent upon him for years. He reminds me that he has asked my hand in marriage several times, says father is surely dead, and says this is his last proposal. He offers us his home and protection, or if I refuse him, he will eject us from this house! He will turn us out penniless and helpless, and we have no friends to look to. Since father left we have lived so secluded! I am so bewildered and confused that I cannot think! I know not what to do! Oh, Emil! Emil! cannot you hear me? Cannot you lift this load from my mind? He also wishes to see you on board the ship *Essex* this

afternoon, James, so I think you had better go and see what he desires. Be careful and return as soon as possible."

The young man kissed his mother and immediately left, glad to get out alone to think over the great troubles that had so suddenly appeared before him.

For years James had been going to school, with not a care except the sorrow of his father's long absence. In his own mind he had long given up his father as dead, but he kept his thoughts to himself, for he saw that it was a great comfort to his sweet, pale-faced mother, to think of him as alive somewhere, and that eventually he would return to them.

In deep thought he made his way to the wharf where the vessel was tied up.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

While Mrs. Griffin and her two children were in such sore distress, Captain Hardy was maturing a plan to make further trouble in the family. He saw that James Griffin was rapidly approaching manhood, and it was his desire to secure that young man's fortune, and he determined not to be too scrupulous as to how it was done.

On this afternoon he was on the ship *Essex* with Captain Hines, and they sat at a table with a bottle of liquor before them.

"We are alone, I suppose," began Captain Hardy, after the first greetings were over.

"There's not a soul about," returned the other.

"Well, I want you to take a passenger on your trip south, as I desire to send my nephew on a voyage. You must show him something of the world, and if a wave should sweep him overboard or

if he should die of fever, so much the better. At all events, Captain Hines, you need not bring him back after your cruise."

Captain Hines looked sharply at the speaker, and after a moment's thought he rubbed his hands together, as though pleased at the orders he had received. He was already counting up in his mind how much the job was worth. Then sitting back in his chair he said:

"That's serious work, Cap'n."

"No more so than what you have done before," returned Hardy.

"What do you mean?" asked Hines.

"Mean? Don't you remember when you had another name, and hailed from another state? Don't you remember when you killed a man?—in self-defense, you claimed. Be that as it may, you fired a shot that killed Sam Connell, but escaped the officers, and changed your name to Hines. Haven't I told you the truth?"

Captain Hines jumped from his chair and assumed an attitude of self-defense.

"What do you mean, Captain Hardy," he demanded, "by such words?"

"Don't get excited, Captain. There's no one here, you say, so there's no danger in my talking plain to you."

Captain Hines was silent a moment and then he answered:

"You have discovered my secret, which I thought was unknown."

"Then I think we can come to terms. You know I have a nephew of whom I am the guardian. He has a little money coming—"

"—Fifty thousand dollars, I've heard," said Hines, eagerly.

"It's a lie," roared Captain Hardy. "It isn't ten thousand, but I need it."

"Yes," returned Hines, "there may be only ten thousand left."

Captain Hardy turned pale and looked threateningly.

"You are nervy, Captain Hines, to talk to me thus," said Hardy.

"No more so than yourself. But why should we

quarrel? I think we know each other quite well."

"Yes, I think we do. Our interests are the same, so let us come to business. You see he is becoming a man and I feel that something should be done for him—"

"You mean 'with' him," interrupted Hines.

"Don't joke with me now, Hines; I am in no mood for it. He should learn navigation and see the world, so that he can make his living when he gets to be a man."

"Yes, a boy with only fifty thousand coming to him needs to learn navigation, and know how to earn a living," continued Hines.

"Let's have no more of this," thundered Hardy, furiously striking the table with his fist. "The lad is almost a pauper, and I have kept his family at my own expense for years. Besides," said he in almost a whisper, "I expect to marry his mother. It's to be settled to-morrow, and settled to my way of thinking, too."

"All right, Cap'n, but what am I to get for his passage? Can't expect me to carry him from 'Frisco to the Sandwich Islands for nothing."

"I am glad that you are getting so sensible. We own this brig together—half and half. Now, if the boy should fall overboard or die so that the crew can be witnesses, you will own this vessel alone and get a thousand dollars besides."

Captain Hines' eyes sparkled avariciously.

"A liberal offer, Hardy!"

"Will you accept it?"

"Yes! The boy will go with me and I'll guarantee that he will never return to claim his inheritance."

"It will be easy, Captain Hines. There are a thousand ways to get rid of him, and I leave it to you to choose a method. If you do not care to kill him outright, you might send him ashore on some island inhabited by cannibals and let him be captured. He will be foolish enough to propose going alone for fresh water or fruit. Then you will have nothing to blame yourself for."

"Oh, I'll attend to his case; you can depend upon me entirely, Cap'n."

Captain Hardy looked happy and relieved. While he had no doubt about Captain Hines carry-

ing out his plans, it required an effort on his part to make such a proposition.

“Do your work well, Hines, and I will be your friend.”

“All right, you have been liberal to me and I’ll teach your nephew all about navigation, but if any misfortune overtakes him you will not blame me.”

“Oh, no; certainly not, my dear Captain Hines. So now let us drink to the success of our plans.”

Two glasses were filled and emptied in silence.

“When do you sail, Captain Hines?” asked Hardy.

“The cargo is all shipped, the crew is aboard, the tide right and a good breeze blowing. I only await your orders to be off. But where’s the boy?”

“He should be here soon. There! I hear his step on deck now.”

And as the conspirators spoke, James Griffin stepped into the cabin.

“You sent for me, Captain Hardy,” announced James, politely.

“Yes,” returned Hardy. “I wanted to show you this boat. It is soon to leave for a year’s cruise and

I thought you would be interested," and then Hardy introduced James and Captain Hines.

"Then I'm just in time to see you off, Captain Hines," said James, not noticing the guilty expression on the face of the slouchy-looking commander of the Essex. "A good and pleasant voyage to you, Captain. If you find any curiosities, I wish you would bring them for my sister Helen."

"That I will, Mr. Griffin," returned Hines. "By the way, there in that stateroom are some rare shells. Pick out what you want," and the captain opened wide the door.

James stepped in and then heard the door slammed behind him and the key turned in the lock. Then he heard Captain Hardy chuckle and bid Captain Hines adieu, and a few minutes later, he felt the boat leaving the wharf and going down the bay, and evidently bound out to sea.

CHAPTER IV.

ESCAPE FROM THE VESSEL.

When James Griffin found himself locked up in the stateroom of the vessel he was not at all alarmed. He thought it a little joke of Captain Hines, so he leisurely looked over the curiosities. He felt sure that when it was seen that he was not to be frightened they would release him. After he had gazed at the articles he glanced out of the window, and observed that the boat was going out to sea.

“What does this mean, anyway?” he asked himself. “Can they really intend anything serious about it? Can they mean to carry me off to sea against my will? No, it cannot be! In good time I shall be released. They only wish to frighten me, and then laugh at my timidity.”

Thus the young man reasoned for a time, but his thoughts soon reverted to his mother and sister

and Captain Hardy, and then he began to get suspicious again. Looking out once more he saw that the vessel was going seaward, and then the truth forced itself upon his mind.

"I see it! Captain Hardy means to send me to sea—perhaps to my death!"

The thought of being taken from his home and mother and sister was too terrible for him to contemplate. His poor mother would, perhaps, not know where he was, and she would be at the mercy of the hateful Hardy.

"I see that if I wish to be a man, I must act like one, and if I want to get out of this fix I must exert myself. It is plain that Hardy has hired old Captain Hines to take me to sea, and perhaps get rid of me at the same time. Hardy wants my fortune, and means to have it. But I'll show him what I can do!" and James drew himself up confidently, and his eyes flashed defiantly.

In desperation he called to Captain Hines, but there was no response. Then he kicked at the door, but it resisted all his blows.

He saw that he was a prisoner! But James was

full of resources. He began to look about for some method of escaping from his prison. He saw a lot of packages on the floor and found among them beads, knives, revolvers, cheap watches, guns, jewelry and much colored clothes, and a lot of cheap trinkets, just such articles as were warranted to capture the hearts of the simple South Sea Islanders.

“And here’s an old brass cannon, too. A great deal like the one John Connors had last Fourth of July. If I could only find some powder, I’d have that door open in a minute,” said James to himself. “Hello, here’s a can now,” and James lifted up a red tin can, full of the explosive, and he immediately proceeded to load the cannon. In place of shots he put in a lot of paper wadding, which at a short distance would be as effective as an iron shot.

Pointing the cannon at the door he put on plenty of priming and lit a match and touched it off. There was a terrific boom and the panels of the door went out.

A loud yell came from the cabin, and soon the captain was present.

"What's the matter?" yelled the captain, as he saw the broken door and the smoke pouring through the hole. "What has happened?"

"Some of your powder has exploded!" called out James from the torn door.

"How could that happen?"

"Wait a second, captain, there's going to be another explosion, I think. Perhaps the boat will be blown up—there's no telling how serious the result will be. So look out, captain, or you may get hurt."

James had reloaded while giving this warning, and it is needless to say that the room was soon empty.

James again applied a match, and another explosion resulted.

"Thunder and lightning!" yelled the old captain, "what are you doing, boy?"

"It is thunder and lightning, captain," answered James, "and look out that the lightning does not strike you!" ~

"You desperado, do you want to blow up my ship, and the crew with it? Who'd a thought for

a moment that the kid would show such nerve! He's reckless as Satan and as bad. He's a shooting off that cannon! Seize him, Jack, before he shoots again!"

But Jack had no desire to endeavor to capture a reckless young man in possession of a cannon.

The captain, seeing himself alone, called out:

"Come out of there, you rascal, or I'll have you put in irons and fed on bread and water for a year!"

"Look out, Captain, she's going off again! Besides, I've a couple of revolvers here that may come handy. Don't do anything without my permission."

"Permission!" gasped the commander, hardly able to believe what he had heard.

Captain Hines always ruled with an iron hand, and here was a boy who defied and mocked him.

"That is what I said," returned James. "No one comes near me without permission, or they do so at their peril!"

"Boy, do you know what you are doing? There's enough powder there to blow up the vessel."

"Well, if she goes up, it will be my own loss, for I believe this ship belongs to me instead of to Captain Hardy."

Hines was dumbfounded.

James saw that he had made an impression on Captain Hines' mind, and he concluded to follow up his advantage.

"Look out, Captain, this is a rapid-firing gun, and she's going to shoot again!" yelled James.

Then came another boom, but as there was nothing but powder and paper in the cannon, nothing worse than noise and smoke resulted.

"The young desperado," said Hines to himself, "who'd a thought he would give me such trouble? I wish I was rid of him. He'll be my ruin yet, if not my death."

"There you are right, Captain!" called out James. "If you don't let me get off this boat at once I'll blow her up! Now, say that you will set me ashore, and I'll promise to be good."

"But Captain Hardy says you must go to sea and learn navigation, and see the world. He's your guardian and must be obeyed."



THE CAPTAIN LAY COWERING BEFORE THE MENACING FORM OF THE YOUNG MAN.—See page 34.

"I see, Captain, you desire to remain stubborn. Do you see these watches, and this jewelry? Well, I am going to throw it all overboard if you do not let me off," and, true to his word, James began to toss the cheap watches and other articles one by one through the narrow opening into the water. Hines could not at that moment speak, so James continued to empty the room of its more valuable contents.

Hines' eyes bulged from his head, and he soon found his voice.

"Here! here! Stop that, you rascal! Are you crazy? Well, I never heard of such acting by a human being. Stop, I say!" again yelled the infuriated captain as he saw article after article go overboard.

"Will you promise?" repeated James, continuing in his destructive work.

The captain could stand it no longer.

"I—I—promise!" he finally gasped.

"You will bring me back to San Francisco to-night?"

"Yes, to-night."

"Now, you are getting sensible, Captain Hines. But be quick about it!"

The captain looked blankly.

"Now, unlock the door," ordered James.

"Oh, yes; I will let you out at once," and he turned the key in the lock.

Preceding the young man on deck, he quickly ordered the men to seize James as he appeared.

James anticipated some such action so he was prepared.

One of the men attempted to carry out the order, and had no thought of meeting resistance, but he was mistaken. James was an expert boxer, wrestler, and all-round athlete, and it was easy for him to land the sailor a blow that felled him to the deck.

The captain then madly rushed at the young hero, but he was also knocked down by a blow from James' strong arm, and he lay cowering before the menacing form of the young man.

"Don't play any games on me!" returned James. "Remember, I have a revolver here also, and will use it if I must, in self-defense."

"Curse the rascal," muttered Hines. "I'll kill him yet, let me once get my hands on him."

"Well, you will not get your hands on me if I can help it," returned James, who had caught the words of the angry captain.

"Look here, boy," said Captain Hines, slowly rising, "your guardian has ordered that you go to sea with me, and what he says is law! Do you hear? The crew will obey my orders. Here, men, close on the young desperado, all at once! Don't let him escape us!"

James looked at the determined, set faces before him, and saw that they were about to obey their commander. He might shoot, but he had no desire to take a human life; so, quick as a flash, he ran to the rail and leaped over into the water. He struck out for the nearest shore, holding his revolver in his mouth, ready for use, if he must.

"After him, men, all of you! Don't let the Satan escape! Fifty dollars to the one who catches him."

The men hesitated a moment; then one sprang after the youthful swimmer, and several others quickly followed.

CHAPTER V.

HELEN TO THE RESCUE.

At home, Mrs. Griffin was in deep grief over her affairs, but Helen cheered her sad heart, so that she fervently thanked God for possessing such a good daughter and son.

Mrs. Griffin was one of the most loving mothers imaginable, and she lived now only for her children, so that they might be an honor to the family and a blessing to the world. It was from such mothers that come our most prominent and useful men, and our cemeteries are full of such sleeping mothers whose hands are folded over their breasts. No worldly eye ever saw a record of their lives and no monuments, with high-sounding epitaphs, mark their last resting-place. Mrs. Griffin felt that life was too short to be spent in accumulating the things of this world that must perish, and as she

saw her dear children growing up, she felt that to spend every hour with them was a duty, and Heaven gave to her the grace and strength to fulfil her duties aright, that her influence for good might be felt from generation to generation.

For herself she thought little of what financial troubles might come, but for her children's sake she was greatly worried.

"If Emil were only here," she lamented, "our troubles would all be gone. But it's so long ago! If he is alive he would ere this have returned to us."

"Mother, dear, have faith in God. Father will return; he is not dead," answered Helen.

"Why are you so positive, Helen?"

"Because, dear mother, you are worthy of God's blessing, and He will not forsake you."

"But we must meet sorrow, Helen; the best people have their sorrows. It will be a great blessing if we meet in the next life."

"Pray, mother, and your prayers will finally be answered. I feel it! Father cannot be dead! He will certainly come back some day, and when he

returns Captain Hardy will have to make an accounting. And now, mother, what answer shall we give Captain Hardy when he comes?"

Mrs. Griffin again looked at the letter of Captain Hardy, and Helen stood back of her chair and also read the threatening words.

"I shall never marry him! I feel it would be a crime," answered Mrs. Griffin, firmly.

"That is right, mother. I would sooner be dead than be dependent upon him. Besides, James has a fortune coming in his own name, and in two years we will get it. So you see, there is no necessity for marrying him, even for my sake. I never could bear the sight of him."

"He is very coarse and disagreeable, and I am positive he has robbed us of your father's wealth," returned Mrs. Griffin.

"Then it is settled that you will never marry Captain Hardy, no matter what happens to us?"

"It is agreed. I will never marry him!"

While these two—mother and daughter—were deciding their future course, Captain Hardy was

approaching their home. Mrs. Griffin became agitated and alarmed, for she feared the captain very much.

"Go to your room, mother, and leave him to me," said Helen, with a determined air.

The mother retired and Helen went out to meet the hateful captain.

"Good morning, Helen," said Captain Hardy. "You are always looking fresh and pretty. Your mother is home, is she not?"

"Yes, sir, she is."

"Well, I'm glad of it. I would like to see her."

"My mother does not wish to see you."

"But she received my letter?"

"Yes, and I think that is enough for one day."

The captain colored, and then said, with a forced smile:

"It seems to me you are putting on lots of airs for a young girl. You had better go and play with your schoolmates, and allow your mother to attend to the more important affairs of life."

With this he attempted to enter the cottage

door, but Helen stood before him, and said, bravely:

"Captain Hardy, you shall not enter! Mother does not wish to see you! You may turn us out as you threaten, but you shall not enter before we are gone! We do not fear you! James will have his fortune soon, and then we shall be through with you!"

The captain became angry. He lifted his hand and pointed down toward the bay.

"At this moment," he said, "Master James Griffin is on board the *Essex* and on his way to sea! He is going to the South Sea Islands, and it may be a year before he returns!"

Helen uttered a sharp cry that brought her mother to the door.

"What is it, darling?" asked Mrs. Griffin.

"Captain Hardy says James is aboard the *Essex*, and she is on her way to the South Sea Islands. That is some of your work, Captain Hardy," continued the young girl, turning to the captain, "and you shall pay for it some day!"

Mrs. Griffin almost fainted when she heard what had been done.

Helen asked her to go into the house, and said she would go down to the bay to investigate.

Mrs. Griffin readily complied, and Helen darted out of the yard and left the surprised captain standing in front of the closed door.

Helen hurried to the boat house on the bay, where she found Joe Farrell, a long and true friend of the Griffins, and a great admirer of James.

Joe Farrell had kept boats at that place for many years, and although he had few school advantages, was a splendid fellow and a good sailor.

When Helen approached Joe she was almost breathless. She told him that Captain Hardy and Captain Hines were carrying James off to sea on a year's cruise.

"How do you know?" asked Joe.

"Captain Hardy just told us at the house! Oh, the meanness of it!"

"What'll we do?" asked Joe, in a quandary.

"Do? Why, get a boat ready and we'll overtake the vessel. See! there she is, going slowly. The

wind is changing, and she'll soon be compelled to come about. Quick, the boat!"

Joe had a boat ready in a jiffy, and taking a young man he had as help along, the three were soon rapidly approaching the now almost stationary vessel.

CHAPTER VI.

JAMES DISAPPEARS.

As soon as James touched the water he rid himself of his shoes and struck out for the nearest shore. He was a rapid swimmer, and was lightly attired, and soon was a considerable distance from the boat. He had heard the order of the captain to his men, but he was sure that he could outswim them. He looked back and saw several men swimming after him.

He soon came to a piece of old timber floating down the bay, and concluded to take hold of it and rest a while. Facing his pursuers with revolver in hand he said:

“Do you see this? Now don’t you come any nearer if you value your lives! I don’t want to hurt anybody, but I’m going back to the city to-night. Let me tell you that Captain Hines is trying to kidnap me—to take me to sea. Now, I

don't want to go, and I won't! Remember, if I use this revolver, it will be in self-defense!"

"You wouldn't shoot, would you?" returned the one nearest to James. "It would be murder! Remember, it would be clear murder!"

"Well, I'm something like the governor of New Jersey. He said he would stop capital punishment as soon as people discontinued committing crimes. So, just keep away from me and I won't shoot, but I warn you I'll not be taken back so long as I can help it. They mean to murder me—Hines and Hardy have it all planned out, and you men are helping in the work. Do you want to see me killed so that they can get my money?"

"They wouldn't do that. Better come back and do as your guardian wants. You'll appreciate it when you get older."

The men were now all treading water and getting more tired, while James was becoming nicely rested.

"Well, are you going to swim around all night?" asked our hero.

"No," answered one of the men, "you must

come back to the boat," and he began to swim toward the resting place of James.

It was time to act, so James fired a shot over the sailor's head, as a warning.

"You'll be hanged if you shoot us!" he called out, aghast.

"And I'll be killed if I don't," returned the young man. "There isn't much choice about it, I see. Now, look here, men! You turn about and go back or someone will get hurt. I've got a right to defend myself, and any jury would acquit me of murder. Another thing, you are all pretty tired, and I am not. I can slip off here at any moment and beat you all to shore."

"Guess we'd better go back," said one of the men. "The young man is right. They've no business to kidnap him, and I, for one, am through with this job. We weren't hired to hunt boys, anyway," and he turned around and swam for the ship.

The others assented, and soon all were swimming for the *Essex*.

Captain Hines saw the men returning, and also

saw that James was on his way to shore. He stormed terribly, and immediately ordered a boat lowered and himself occupied the stern so as to steer. He urged the men to quick action, and the big yawl made rapid headway through the murky waters.

James looked over his shoulder and saw the pursuit, and also saw that he could not reach the shore before the boat.

What was to be done? To be captured meant to be put in irons and brutally treated. He must escape, but how?

He kept on swimming, and trying to devise some plan. The boat came nearer and nearer, and he heard the exulting shouts of Captain Hines.

When the boat was about twenty or thirty feet distant, James suddenly sank from view beneath the waters.

At the moment of James' sinking all were rowing, and even the captain was not looking.

"We'll have him now," shouted the captain. "A few more strokes and I'll get him by the hair."

"Look out, Captain, he'll shoot," said one of the men.

"Two can play at that game," returned the captain. "If he raises his hand I'll shoot him through the arm," and the captain looked at his revolver as he spoke.

When he again looked up the boy was gone.

"Where is he gone to?" cried the captain. "He's sunk!"

"Sunk!" echoed the men.

"Yes, sunk. He just disappeared beneath the waves right over there."

"He may have dived to avoid us," suggested one of the men.

"If he did he must come up in a minute. Look lively, men. We'll have him soon, or he's gone to Davy Jones' locker."

"Perhaps a shark took him," said a sailor after a while. "You know the sharks come up here occasionally."

"He'll be food for fishes sure, if he doesn't come up soon," said the captain. "Row around in a big circle, men, and see if he is anywhere about."

"He must have had cramps, or something, and now he is drowned. No one could stay under water that long. He must have sunk like a log."

"Well, Captain, he's not on the surface. He couldn't even get his mouth out of the water without our seeing him. He must be gone."

Ten minutes passed, and the young man did not appear.

"Where can he be?" muttered Hines, uneasily. "He must be drowned."

They rowed around for half an hour searching for the missing boy, but he was not to be seen. All was as still as death.

After a while the men were convinced that it was useless to remain longer.

"Well, men, the boy's gone to the bottom. He was a fool—a reckless idiot—and his death is on his own head. No one is to blame for it, that is sure," and the captain's eyes gleamed exultingly at the thought of what James' death meant to him.

"Captain Hardy will be well pleased, I've no doubt," muttered the heartless man to himself. "It



HELEN STOOD BACK OF THE CHAIR AND ALSO READ THE THREATENING WORDS.—See page 38.

was pretty quick work, and the best of it is that no one is to blame for it."

Thus the captain tried to make himself think that he was wholly innocent in the affair. No man, however hardened, cares to have more crimes on his mind than necessary, and Captain Hines took especial pleasure in the thought of having accomplished his end without further compromising himself.

"Well, men, it's no use to remain here longer. The boy's gone—drowned—and we might as well go back to the Essex," finally remarked the captain, after a long quiet.

The men were more than willing to get away from that uncanny locality, and gave a hearty assent to the suggestion, and in a moment the boat was rapidly on its way to the vessel.

CHAPTER VII.

HELEN'S SEARCH FOR JAMES.

Captain Hines had no sooner reached the vessel than one of the men reported that a boat was approaching from shore.

"It's probably Captain Hardy, who, observing the vessel lying here, has come out to see if all is well. It's sad news we've got to report to him, and he'll be all broke up over it. You're not a bit to blame for the unfortunate affair, for you all did everything in your power to rescue him. Poor lad—he was a fine young fellow, only a little too headstrong and spirited. Well, it can't be helped," and the captain wiped an imaginary tear from his eyes.

"It's a man and a young lady," reported a sailor to the captain.

"It's old Joe Farrell, sure as I live. I know his

boats and I know the pull of his oar," remarked another.

Captain Hines moved uneasily.

"What can they want here?" he thought.

Soon the small boat came alongside and was fastened, and Joe and Helen quickly boarded the vessel.

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked the captain, none too pleasantly.

"Captain Hines," said Joe, "this is Miss Helen Griffin, and she's come to see her brother and take him home again."

The captain looked blankly.

"Do you hear what I say?" repeated Joe. "We've come to take James Griffin back to the city with us!"

"He's not here! I assure you he's not on board this—this vessel," for once, truthfully answered the captain.

"He is!" asserted Helen. "Captain Hardy just told us that he was aboard the Essex and going to sea on a year's cruise. You have him hid in the cabin or hold somewhere. We want him re-

leased at once, or it will go hard with you men. Bring him here immediately!"

Helen's words and orders made the captain smile.

"What a little spitfire she is! She and her brother are just alike—he's like her and she's like him," muttered the captain to himself. Then he answered:

"I assure you, Mr. Farrell and Miss Griffin, that the boy is not aboard this boat. He's—he's—drowned!"

Helen looked at him suspiciously, believing him to be lying to get rid of her.

"That won't do, Captain Hines," answered the young girl. "You cannot put us off with a story like that. James is alive and well; you have him shut up aboard this vessel."

"Is it not so, men? Isn't the boy drowned?"

"Yes, that he is," assented the crew.

"Drowned! It cannot be! James, drowned! No! no! He is not! Oh, Captain Hines, bring him here—tell him his sister is here!" cried Helen, in growing despair.



"SHE'S COME TO SEE HER BROTHER AND TAKE HIM HOME AGAIN," SAID JOE — See page 51.

"Listen to me, young lady. He was aboard this vessel, but he was so unruly that we had to lock him up in a stateroom. He made a lot of trouble and finally jumped overboard. We did all we could to save him, but he went down right before our eyes. Didn't he, men?"

"Yes, we all saw him disappear," said one of the sailors.

Helen was overwhelmed, but quickly recovered herself. She looked about the vessel and then ran rapidly to the cabin, followed by Joe.

The steward was there and to the inquiry for the boy he showed them where the boy had been confined, and told them how he had shot off the cannon and broken the door.

"He's dead, Missus, there's no doubt about it! The boat waited around where he sank for half an hour and not a sign of him was seen. He went down like a shot. Cramps, I 'spect—or a shark!"

"It cannot be!" moaned Helen. "Oh, James, James, where are you!"

Joe was more easily convinced. He saw the

reasonableness of the explanation, and he had no doubt that what the men said was true.

"I'm afraid it's true, Miss," he said to Helen. "James is not here, so he must have jumped overboard and was drowned. Let us go on deck."

They returned on deck and Joe conversed with some of the sailors.

"You see, Miss," said Captain Hines, "he's not here. It's as I told you. He would not obey the orders of his guardian and go to sea and learn something, and now he's dead."

"He must have swam ashore!" cried Helen. "But if he is dead, you will have to answer for it! You had no right to take him away against his will!"

"'Twas his guardian's orders, Miss," returned the captain.

"Come, Joe, let us go and search the bay for him," said Helen, with sudden energy and with a hope that James was yet swimming in the water.

"It's little use, but I'll come," returned the old sailor. "It must be as the men say. They all saw him go down."

But he quickly entered the boat and they rowed to where the men indicated he had last been seen.

It was now getting dusk, but the shore could be discerned, and as they rowed around the locality, Helen called loudly her brother's name.

No answer came but the splash of the water against their own boat. In desperation she finally arose to her feet, and cried:

“Oh, God, be merciful! My poor mother! Oh, James, James! come to your sister!”

CHAPTER VIII.

JAMES TURNS UP.

James Griffin was neither drowned nor had he been eaten by a shark.

The time for his death had evidently not yet arrived.

When he sank beneath the waters of San Francisco Bay it was not the last struggles of a drowning person, but a quickly-formed plan to escape the crew of the *Essex*.

At first, when he saw the boat approaching, he was inclined to defend himself with his revolver, but on second thought he concluded that his newly-formed plan would be best. He did not want to figure in court in any shooting affair, and did not wish to take a human life, anyway.

When he sank under the water he took a long breath and swam rapidly toward the boat occupied by his enemies. He calculated the distance nicely,

and came up just under the stern of the yawl and grasped the rudder on one side. The curve of the stern of the boat was of such a nature as to effectually hide him from observation, although had his presence there been suspected he could have been seen.

Here he clung on lightly and overheard all the hypocritical words of Captain Hines. He now saw that it was important to get away from the men who were plotting his ruin. To be recaptured meant that he would be done away with at the first opportunity, and the opportunities would be plentiful on a long cruise.

James thought over everything while hanging to the boat with only his head above the water. He thought of his mother and of Helen, and how they would be worried at his absence.

Finally James heard the order to return to the ship, and soon the boat arrived and the men got out, and the yawl was temporarily swung around to the stern of the vessel.

James' plan was to unfasten the rope that held the boat, and to let it drift away from the ship.

He was about to carry out his plan when he observed a boat approaching.

When he saw that it was his sister Helen and Joe Farrell in the boat he was almost tempted to show himself, but he soon concluded that it would be unwise to do so, as they would be no match for the crew of the vessel. So he remained hidden in the water, and after a time he saw Joe and his sister re-enter the boat and quickly row away. Oh, if he could only have let them know that he was alive! But there was no opportunity, and so he was forced to see them depart with the conviction that he was dead.

But now he must be thinking of himself, and put into execution the plan to escape. He swam carefully to the bow of the boat, unfastened the rope that held it, and was soon gratified to see that he was moving away from the vessel. As soon as he thought he was far enough away to be unobserved, he clambered into the boat and began to row for shore.

No sooner had he taken hold of the oars, however, than he observed that a boat was being low-

ered from the Essex. Was the yawl missed? Yes, that must be the case, for the boat's bow was directed toward him!

At first he thought he might gain the shore ere they overtook him, but through the darkening shadows he saw that the two strong oarsmen were making their boat fairly fly through the waters, while he, in his benumbed and weak condition, made but little headway.

There was nothing for him to do but to again take to the water, and, letting himself over and taking an oar along, he swam as fast as he could, out of their way and sight.

He saw the men soon arrive at the abandoned boat, make her fast, and then tow her back to the Essex.

Thank heaven he had again escaped! But he was yet far from shore and he felt that he was fast losing his strength. The wind now also came up and the waves further impeded his headway.

He soon saw that unless help arrived he was lost.

His thoughts went back to his childhood days, to his home, his mother and sister, to the church

and the good pastor, the kind teachers in school, and now he thought that he was going to die!

While a little strength yet remained he fastened himself to the oar, and thus he drifted seaward with the wind.

Suddenly out of the darkness he saw a vessel approaching, bearing down toward him.

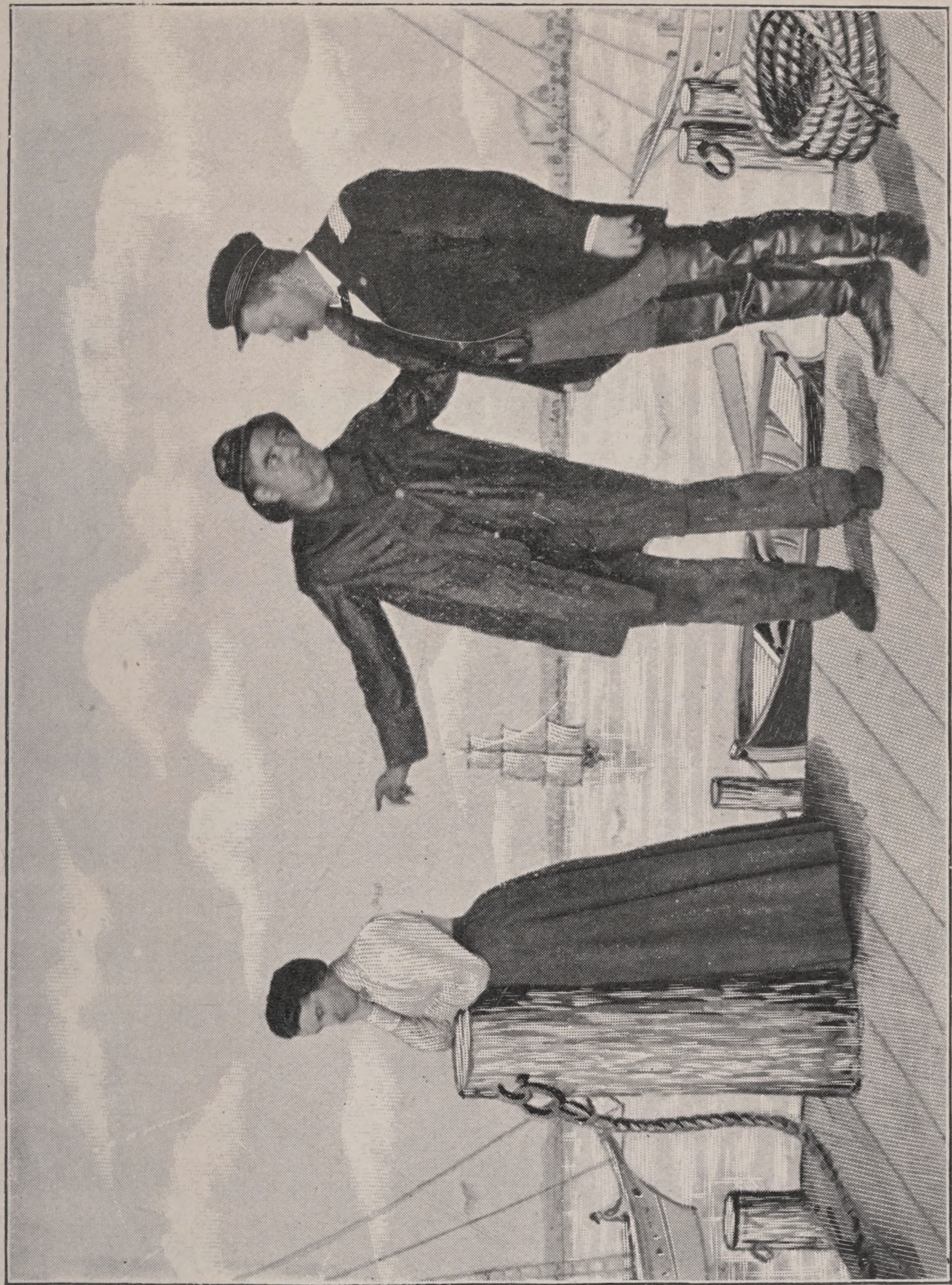
"It must be the Essex," he groaned. "Why could it not have been some other vessel?"

He hesitated about shouting for help, but in his weakened condition he realized that if he was not rescued he would soon drown.

So, regardless of what the vessel might be, he hailed her, as best he could, and saw that a sailor standing at her rail had heard his cry, and that he was seen.

He faintly saw that the ship hove to, and soon felt himself lifted out of the water and then he became unconscious.

His strength had finally given out.



"THAT'S THE BOY'S SISTER," ANSWERED CAPT. HINES. "SHE'S BEEN LOOKING FOR HIM."—See page 63.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTAIN HARDY PLOTS FURTHER.

When Helen finally reached shore with Joe Farrell she was in despair. How could she tell her mother that James was drowned?

"Come, Helen," said Joe, "let us go up to your mother's. She will be waiting for you."

"Oh, Joe, let me stay here! I can't go away yet! Let me sit here by the boat, and you go up and tell mother what has happened."

Joe was afraid to leave her alone by the water, and urged her to accompany him, but she pleaded to be allowed to remain alone, so Joe reluctantly went to the home of Mrs. Griffin.

Joe had been gone but a short time when Helen saw a boat approaching shore, and she soon observed through her tear-stained eyes that it was occupied by Captain Hines and one of his crew.

She quickly approached the captain and asked if there was anything new.

"No, ma'am," he answered. "The boy is gone, you may be sure of that! You saw nothing of him?" then questioned the captain anxiously.

"Nothing, nothing!" moaned Helen, and then she went and leaned on a pile at the edge of the wharf.

Captain Hines had come ashore to tell Captain Hardy the news before he departed, as he saw that Hardy would want witnesses, if not an affidavit, of the drowning of James Griffin.

He was just about to start to find Hardy when that individual appeared.

After being denied admission at the Griffin home he had wandered about for some time and finally went down to the water.

"Hello, Captain Hardy," called out the commander of the vessel. "I was just going to hunt you up."

Hardy's face wore a dejected look, which was in great contrast to the beaming countenance of Captain Hines.

"How's the boy?" asked Hardy, anxiously. "Has he made any trouble or will he go along quietly?"

"Trouble!" ejaculated Hines. "He made more trouble in the hour he was aboard that boat than a wild horse would make during that time in a millinery store. He fired off a cannon several times and came near blowing up my ship. Then he jumped overboard!"

Hardy's face turned ashen pale.

"The boy escaped?" he cried out in alarm.

"He jumped overboard—and though we did all we could to rescue him, he—drowned! A terrible misfortune, captain—a terrible misfortune!" and Captain Hines gave Hardy a meaning glance and then looked toward the sailor in the boat.

"Let us take a walk, Hines," said Hardy, and the two worthies walked a short distance away. Then Captain Hines told Hardy about James.

"Who is that?" asked Captain Hardy suddenly, seeing Helen standing at the edge of the wharf.

"That's the boy's sister," answered Captain Hines in a whisper. "She's been looking for him."

"We must look out for her," muttered Hardy. "It was she that set her mother against me. I wish she was with her brother beneath the water! Curse her!"

"She says she's going to make trouble for us!" replied Hines.

"Hines, we must get rid of her, too. I've a plan I've been thinking of for some time. I've a place down the coast where I should like to put her for a time. There's an old woman there that lives rent free, and she would do anything for me, especially if I gave her a little money. Can't we get her aboard your boat and can't you let her off there?"

"That I can, Captain Hardy, but don't you think we ought to settle accounts for the boy, first?"

"Oh, that will be all right. It will take a year to settle the boy's affairs in court. You must leave me one of your men as witnesses. But now we must get away with that spitfire first. Only for her my affair with her mother would be settled now. With her and the boy out of the way I'll have no trouble at all. Then the girl can come back and it won't make any difference."

"All right, Captain Hardy, I'll wait until I return from my cruise, and I'll leave you the man I have in the boat. You can depend upon him."

"And as for this work, I'll pay you handsomely, too," returned Hardy. "We'd better take her now. We can throw a coat over her head and carry her on board. To avert any suspicion, we can turn over the boat and leave her apron or glove lying here. They'll think she drowned herself in despair, and the boat full of water will bear out the statement. I'll take her at once," and Captain Hardy stepped lightly toward the girl deeply buried in her thoughts and misery.

As the captain neared her he heard her talk half aloud:

"Oh, James, James!" Helen cried in agony. "If you are dead I'll make trouble for Captain Hardy, for he is responsible for your death. I'll see, too, that he does not inherit your wealth. Oh, the baseness of that man!" And Helen sobbed convulsively in her grief.

At that moment she heard a footstep back of her, and then beheld the fierce gleam of Captain Hardy's eyes.

"Not a word, girl, do you hear?" and at the same moment he threw his coat over her head.

It was hardly necessary, for her terror became so great that she was almost immediately unconscious.

The captain took her in his arms and hurried toward the boat.

The sailor was informed that he should remain ashore as a witness of James' death, and Captain Hardy promised to pay him well besides, so he was highly pleased.

The unconscious girl was placed in the boat and the captain was soon rowing briskly for his ship.

Captain Hardy was well pleased with the outlook.

"I am a rich man," he muttered, "and now I shall be successful in winning Mrs. Griffin. Then I shall have nothing to fear in that quarter."

Poor Mrs. Griffin! Her lot was hard enough before, but now it was to be almost beyond bearing. Her husband missing for ten years, and now her promising son and daughter also gone!

CHAPTER X.

JAMES IS SET ASHORE.

When James Griffin regained consciousness he felt he was on board a vessel, and he also realized that the vessel was going out to sea. He opened his eyes and saw a sailor sitting in the stateroom. It was night and a lamp swung from the cabin ceiling.

"Hello, lad!" called out a rough but kindly voice; "come around all right, didn't you?"

"Yes, I'm alive, but I feel tired," answered James.

"No wonder," returned the man. "You must have had a long swim."

"That I did, and I am indebted to you for my life. Are you the captain?"

"Yes, my lad—Captain Strong of the Mary Jane of San Francisco, on my way down the coast."

"How far out are you, Captain?" asked our hero.

"Just out the Gate, my boy."

"Captain, you have been very kind to me, but I must ask you a favor—I must get ashore as soon as possible."

"I thought that would be your first wish. I suppose your folks will be worrying over your absence."

"Worse than that, Captain. They'll think I am drowned—they think so now. Yes, Captain, I must get ashore as soon as possible," and James got out of bed and asked for his clothes, which were being dried.

"All right, my boy. I'll let you off a few miles down and you can get back to the city by tomorrow. I'll do what I can for you." And the captain smiled cheerfully.

"Thank you, Captain. My name is James Griffin. My father's name was Emil Griffin. He was lost at sea ten years ago. Perhaps, if you are well acquainted in San Francisco, you may have heard of him. He owned a number of vessels."

"Why, certainly, my boy. I've met your father, too. He was a fine gentleman. And so you are his son?"

"Yes, sir. Do you know Captain Hardy?" asked James. "He is my uncle and was a partner of my father."

"I've heard of him," said the captain, but with not so pleased a manner.

James saw that his uncle's reputation was not of the highest, and in a few words he related to Captain Strong the events of the day.

The captain's brow darkened at the villainous acts of Captain Hardy and his partner, Captain Hines.

"What you tell me is not surprising," returned the captain. "I've heard many strange stories about him. He's lately lost several vessels, but they were all heavily insured. The insurance companies made a big fight on two of them, as the testimony of the sailors showed that they were lost under peculiar circumstances. But he's a worse villain than I supposed. Don't you worry, lad, he'll come to the end of his rope some day, and at the rate he's going, the day cannot be far distant. There's no doubt in my mind that he has swindled your mother shamefully, for your father

was counted rich and a very conservative business man. Well, my boy, I'm mighty glad it was my boat ran across you instead of the Essex, or by this time you'd have been pretty well out to sea on your way to the South Sea Islands."

"I shall remember your kindness, Captain Strong, and if opportunity presents, repay you," answered James.

"Thank you, my lad, but what I did was only my duty to a human being. I'd be a nice man, indeed, if I did otherwise."

"May God bless you, Captain, as He has me. I think that so long as I do my duty He will always watch over me," returned James.

"Well, now, my lad, you had better take a good hot drink and eat a little. It'll do you good, and strengthen you up wonderfully."

"Thank you, Captain. I think it would do me a world of good."

James was soon drinking a cup of hot tea and eating a lunch, after which he felt like a new person.

James and the captain now went on deck and found the vessel making great headway. A fine

breeze was blowing and the lights from shore were growing dim.

“When we get down the coast a ways I’ll lower a boat and put you ashore. I now want to get the benefit of this breeze,” said the captain.

So on sailed the vessel, and James felt restless at the thought that he was rapidly leaving home, when he so much desired to get back to the city.

“Just as I thought,” soon said the captain, “the wind is going down rapidly. Well, it will give me a good chance to put you ashore.”

James was delighted at the prospect. In half an hour the vessel was quite near shore, a boat was lowered and four lusty seamen soon landed James on the beach. They had made a landing where a light had been seen, and James was confident that he would readily find lodging for the night.

In parting from the captain, James again expressed his gratitude and thanks, and with a hearty wish for his safe return home, the good captain gave the order to row back to the vessel, whose lights plainly showed her position.

James found a path that led him to a cottage some distance from the sea. He soon reached the house, led by a light from a window.

Rapping loudly at the door, an old woman asked him what was wanted, but she made no movement to unlock the door.

James told her how he had been picked up by a vessel and that they had just landed him here, so that he could get back to San Francisco the next day.

"This is no lodging house," said the voice sharply, "and it's no time of night to be letting strangers in, either. You had better go away."

"Where can I find a place to stay over night?" asked James.

"There are several places around here, but I don't know as you could find them," replied the voice.

"Cannot you let me in for to-night? My name is James Griffin, and I will pay you for your trouble. My uncle's name is Captain Hardy of San Francisco."

"Your uncle Captain Hardy," she exclaimed, as

she turned the key and opened the door. "Why, come right in. How curious! This place belongs to Captain Hardy and I shall be glad to do him a favor. He lets me live here free to look after the house," and she gave James a chair and volunteered to get him some supper.

"Thank you, but I have just eaten, madam," returned James. "All that I desire is a bed for to-night, for I am very tired and sleepy, and early in the morning I shall have to hurry back home."

"All right, Mr. Griffin," answered the old woman, who looked pleasantly enough, in strange contrast to her previous harsh manner. "I'll get you a bed ready at once," and off she went upstairs.

James sat thoughtful before the fire, as it was chilly outside, and wondered at the strange chance that had brought him to his uncle's home at such a distance. But it made him feel more contented, even though he disliked Captain Hardy. He knew he would be well treated by his hostess, and so his mind was at rest.

Presently the old woman returned, and offered to conduct James to his chamber. It was a cosy room overlooking the sea, and saying good-night to the woman and offering a prayer for his safety, he was soon sound asleep.

CHAPTER XI.

BROTHER AND SISTER MEET.

When Helen recovered consciousness early in the morning, she found herself lying on a bunk in a lighted cabin. For a moment she could not but think she was in a dream. Then she thought of her mother, then of James, and then her mind quickly reverted to all the events of the day, and to her present situation. She looked about, and there was the same steward she had seen and spoken to in the afternoon when in search of James.

Helen immediately appealed to him for protection, but the steward might just as well have been deaf, for he paid little attention to her.

“Oh, sir! please help me to get back to shore. My poor mother! What will she think if I do not come home! Oh, sir, they are carrying me away, perhaps to kill me! Can you stand by and see such crimes committed and not lift a hand in

a poor girl's defense? Have you not a daughter?"

"Come, girl, do not take on so. No harm is meant you. The capt'n is just goin' to take you down shore a bit to your uncle's cottage and let you off there. It'll do you good."

"I don't want to go, and I won't!" answered Helen, determinedly. "He has no right to take me away!" And she ran out of the door and up the steps.

The steward gave chase, but Helen was by the captain's side before she was seen. The captain was busy getting the vessel in order, and was nearing shore, and ready to lower a boat to put Helen on land, in charge of the old woman who was carrying for Captain Hardy's cottage.

As she reached the group of men at work she made a frantic outcry and appeal.

"Oh, dear sirs, do not let me be taken away by Captain Hines! Do not let him murder me as he has my brother! He has no right to carry me away by force! Oh, save me! save me!" And she looked appealingly from one to another.

Captain Hines heard her appeal, and was greatly

surprised, as he had given orders to keep her confined until ready to land.

He hurried to where she was standing in terror and anguish, and took her roughly by the arm.

She uttered a cry of pain, and in her desperation made a frantic attack on the captain.

The steward then came up and grabbed her arms from behind, and bore her back to the cabin, where Helen wept bitter tears over James' death, her mother's misfortune and her own perilous position. She was almost in despair over her troubles and anxieties.

Could greater misfortunes ever come to a family? Father missing for ten years, son drowned, daughter kidnapped, mother at home in despair! Truly it was a time to ask for help and guidance from God.

Helen's eyes were now swollen with weeping, her red lips quivered convulsively, and she vainly endeavored to think what the future had in store for her.

Finally she felt the vessel riding on the long swells, and soon the captain made his appearance

and told her that she should come on deck and that he was about to put her ashore.

"Where are we?" asked Helen.

"Never mind where we are, Miss. We're going to land you here, where you can spend a few weeks for the benefit of your health. Your new father will care for you then." And Captain Hines laughed brutally.

"What do you mean, Captain Hines?" demanded Helen.

"I mean that Captain Hardy had you sent here so that he could make love to your mother without your interference. Now, do you see what you have brought on yourself?"

"My mother will never marry him!" answered Helen.

"Leave that to Captain Hardy."

Not caring to further discuss such a question with Captain Hines, Helen remained silent, and accompanied him on deck. She was quickly lowered into the boat and in a few minutes the keel of the yawl grated on the shore.

Captain Hines told the men to remain there, and then he ordered Helen to follow him.

They went up the same path that James had gone a few hours before.

James had just got dressed, and glancing out of the window he saw the vessel at anchor. At first he thought it was the Mary Jane, on which he had come, but a closer inspection showed it was another vessel.

“Good heavens!” suddenly muttered James, “it looks like the Essex! What can she be doing here?”

Just then he saw Captain Hines come up the path toward the house. Following him was a young lady.

“It’s Helen, as sure as I live!” he exclaimed. “What chance has brought them here, for they surely do not know of my presence.”

“How sad she looks,” said James. “What does it mean, anyway? I must go down to the stair door and see what is up.” And James quietly went down and took a position where he could hear what was said.

The captain went to the door and rapped loudly. The old lady asked the cause of the visit.

"I am Captain Hines, and was sent here with this young lady by Captain Hardy. He wants you to take care of her. He will call and get her in a few weeks, and pay you well for your trouble."

"I shall be pleased to be of service to Captain Hardy. He has been kind to me. I'll take care of her all right. Are you related to him?" she asked, turning to Helen.

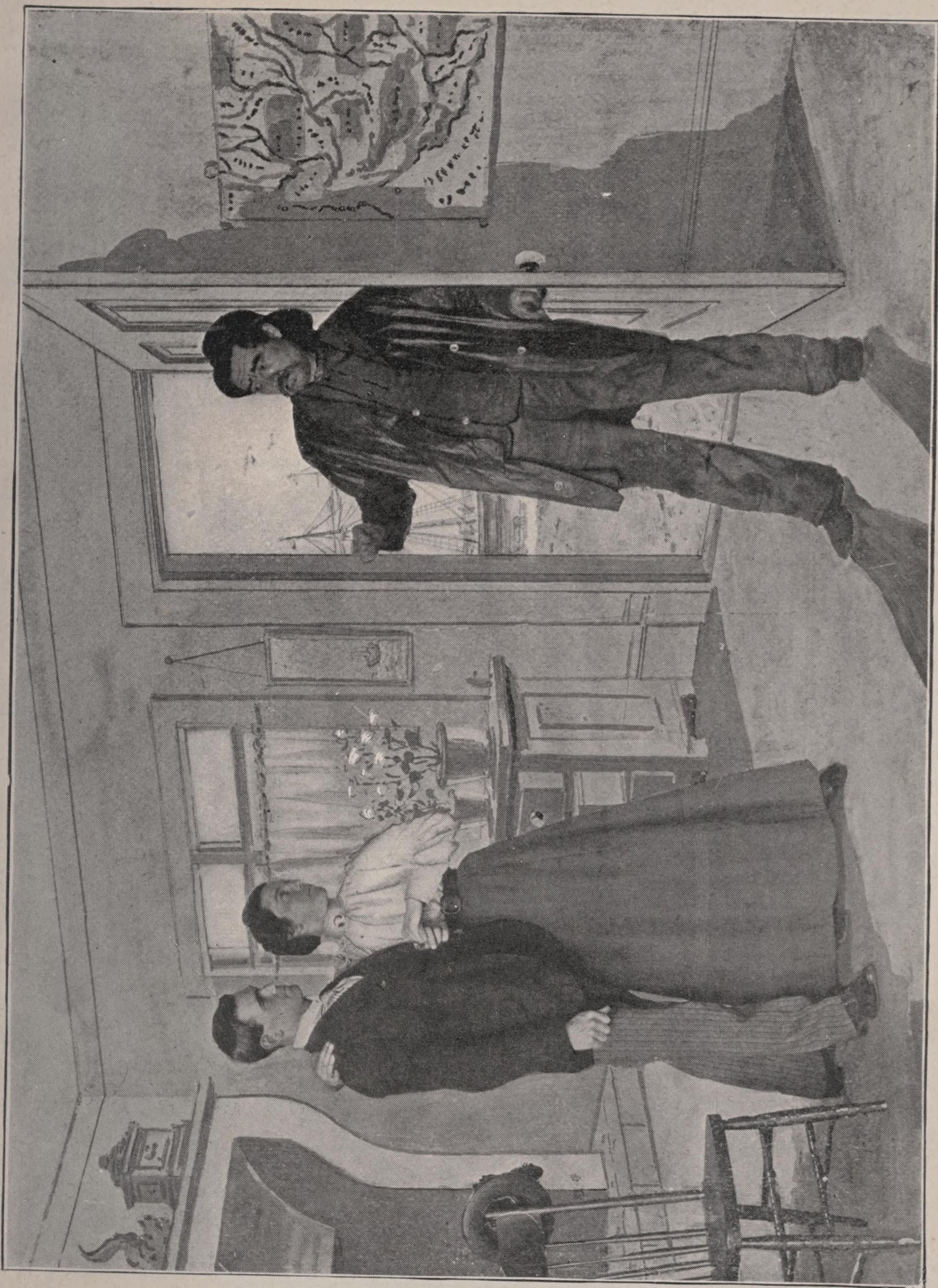
"He's my uncle," answered Helen.

"And will soon be her stepfather," continued Captain Hines. "He's to marry her mother, and he wishes her to stay here until the ceremony is performed."

"My mother will never marry him!" said Helen determinedly. "Not even the price of my liberty would induce her to do so."

The woman turned on her cold look, and Helen quickly saw that she would get no sympathy or help from that source.

The captain asked the old woman outside and



"JAMES!" WAS ALL HELEN COULD SAY, AS SHE EMBRACED HER BROTHER.—See page 81.

gave some instructions in a low voice, and was about to depart, when she remarked:

“It’s strange, Captain Hines, that I also have another relation of Captain Hardy here. A young man, I forget his name, but he says Captain Hardy is his uncle.”

“What!” was all Captain Hines could say, and his face turned pale. “No, it cannot be—where is he?”

“Oh, it’s James!” exclaimed Helen, who had heard the last words of the two, “it must be James! Oh, James, where are you? They say you are here!”

James Griffin had intended to remain quiet and let Captain Hines depart, but now he saw that his presence was known. So when he heard the call of his sister he quickly opened the door and burst in upon the astounded Captain Hines, who had just re-entered the room.

“James!” was all Helen could say, as she reached out her arms and lovingly embraced her brother.

“You here?” gasped the captain, as the cold perspiration broke out on him in his agony of mind.

“Yes, Captain Hines, I am here!” cried James

Griffin, "notwithstanding all your plans to do away with me!"

"How did you escape? We saw you sink and yet you're here!" cried the astonished commander.

Helen was beside herself with joy. A moment before, everything looked black and desolate, but now all was again sunshine and brightness.

Helen clung to her brother's arms for protection, and James, looking defiantly at the captain, said solemnly:

"Captain Hines, my presence here when you thought that I was dead should be a warning to you! All your wicked plans have failed, as they will continue to fail if you persist in your present course. Captain Hines, I hold no enmity toward you, and if you will promise to let us go and make no further efforts to molest us, I will promise to forgive you and say nothing of what has happened. Do as I say, Captain Hines, or as sure as there is a God above us, you will repent of your actions! We wish to depart in peace and return home." And James Griffin and his sister Helen went out the open door.

CHAPTER XII.

JAMES OFF TO SEA.

Captain Hines stood still a moment in wonder to see James alive and well, and not only going away from him, but taking Helen along. For the time, he was stunned. Finally recovering himself, he muttered:

“Nice talk that, but it doesn’t go with me.”

Then, rushing outdoors, he shouted:

“Young man, look here! That girl must stay here, and you must go with me.” And the captain halloed to his men and started after our young friends.

James suddenly turned on him like a lion. Though the captain was strong and a big, heavy man, he was no match for the great quickness and science of James Griffin. In a moment the captain was on the ground, and James stood menacingly over the prostrate and burly form.

"I ought to kill such a viper as you," said James, "and I hardly know why I do not. You are bent on my destruction, but I shall warn you no more! Helen, quick, get some rope so that I can bind the captain."

Helen ran to the side of the door where she had seen a coil of rope, and brought it to her brother. James quickly tied the captain, though he made an effort to get up, and threatened the young man with eternal destruction.

James had hardly completed his job, before the two sailors who had accompanied the captain ashore, made a rush toward him. One of them, when he saw James, thought it was a ghost, and was about to run, but the other saw it was flesh and blood before him, and made an attack. James fought desperately, and might have conquered the sailor, too, had not the other taken courage, and, urged on by the captain, made a rush for our hero.

Two big sailors against a young man was an unequal contest, and James soon found himself on his back and his arms pinioned.

The old woman and Helen, in the meantime, were also having a desperate struggle.

Helen's antagonist was endeavoring to cut the rope binding Captain Hines, and Helen fought with all her strength to prevent her. The old woman had a knife in her hand, and threatened to cut Helen's fingers off if she persisted in holding her. Thus she managed to cut the rope that bound Captain Hines, and he then, too, came to the prostrate form of James.

"Bind him, men, bind him!" he shouted in a rage. "We've got you now, Master Griffin, and I'll see that you do not again escape, you young demon!"

"You may bind me, and you may put me in irons, Captain Hines, but your best laid plans will come to naught. I shall defeat you every time!" returned James between his quick breaths.

"We'll see what I'll do with you, you viper! You shall go with me immediately on board ship, and in a couple of hours we shall be out of sight of land. Then let us see if you can again escape."

"You have captured me this time, but my turn

will come again," returned James with spirit. "You put your trust in Captain Hardy and I shall put mine in God! We shall see who will triumph at last! Mark what I tell you, you will hang or come to an untimely end!"

The words had an effect on the cowardly captain, but he ground his teeth and ordered the men to carry James to the boat, while he and the old woman compelled Helen to re-enter the house, where she was locked in an upper room.

Helen had spoken cheerfully to James. She told him to have a brave heart and to bear up under his coming troubles, and that he would be home again soon.

"So I shall, Helen. Good-bye. Tell mother I shall yet come home. Do not worry." And then he was carried bodily to the boat, placed on the bottom, and as soon as the captain joined them, the boat was pushed out and once again James Griffin was on board the *Essex*, and this time bound for the South Sea Islands.

CHAPTER XIII.

HELEN MAKES HER ESCAPE.

For a few moments Helen was inclined to despair. She and James were so near to getting away and then to be caught again! But she realized that it was a time for action, and not for tears. So she dried her eyes and began to look about her. The room was on the other side of the house than that which had been occupied by James, so she could see nothing of the vessel or the water. She was determined not to stay in that house a prisoner.

"We shall see whether this old woman can keep me here against my will!" she exclaimed.

Helen was a great deal like her brave brother, and when in trouble immediately began to look about to remedy matters.

"The air is bad in here," she said; "but all the windows seem to be fastened. Well, I'll just knock

out a few panes of glass," and she immediately did so. She put her head out to take a look around, but there wasn't much to be seen.

"I must get back to mother to-day at all events!" muttered Helen. "She will be in such distress at my absence that she may even consent to marry Captain Hardy to have me returned. That bad man must be outwitted. Mother abhors him, I know, but in her distress of mind, she may consent to anything. Now, I am sure that father is alive—I seem to feel it—and it would be simply awful for him to return and find mother married again. No, it must not be!" And Helen arose from her seat and again looked out of the window.

"It is too high to jump down—I might break my neck or suffer some injury. I must make a rope out of the sheets on the bed and let myself down. I can easily slip away and may get back to San Francisco this afternoon!" And Helen immediately began to tear the sheets into pieces wide enough to hold her weight. Taking two of each, she wound them together like a rope, tied one end to the bed, and prepared to get out of the window.

Just then the woman appeared, and as she saw the unmistakable preparations for the girl's escape, she cried out:

"What do you mean, girl? Trying to escape, eh? Don't you try any of those tricks on me!"

Helen looked at the hard features of the woman and mentally measured her strength, which was perhaps equal to her own, though the old woman was not so quick, and then she determined to make an appeal to her.

"Do you know that Captain Hardy has no right to bring me here? He has done so against my will, so that he can force my mother to marry him. I appeal to you as a woman to let me go, so that I can return home!"

"It is my interest to serve Captain Hardy. He has been kind to me, and I am sure he will make a good father for you."

"But I have a father living, though he has been missing many years. He will come back some day."

"I know nothing about your affairs, Miss. Captain Hardy wants me to keep you here, and here

you must stay. Give me those pieces of sheets." And the woman approached Helen to take them.

Helen refused to give them up, and a struggle followed. Each had hold of an end and they began to pull each other all over the room.

Suddenly Helen saw the open door, and quickly formed a plan to run out that way. She gradually worked around toward the door, and then suddenly letting go her end, the old woman fell heavily back on the floor and Helen darted out. Downstairs she ran and out of the house, and in a flash she was running at full speed toward the beach.

The old woman hastily arose from her fall and limpingly started in pursuit. Helen soon heard her shrill cries to stop, but it only hastened her actions, if that were possible.

Helen's idea was to find a boat and at all hazards get back to the city. She was a good sailor, as she had often sailed with James, and he had taught her all the methods of trimming the sails, coming about, tacking, etc. She was only too eager to have an opportunity to try her ability in that line.

There was no boat in sight. Out on the broad expanse of water she saw the Essex sailing away with her brother James on board. It made her sick and faint, and only for the old woman being in pursuit, she would have sat down and given vent to her grief.

"Come back, girl! Come back!" shrieked the voice of her pursuer. "It'll be the worse for you if you do not!"

But Helen heeded her not. She preferred to follow the shore, so long as she was nearing home. The old woman could not make much headway, and her cries were soon lost in the distance.

She evidently feared the displeasure of Captain Hardy. Perhaps he might turn her out of the house for her lack of vigilance.

On, on, Helen ran, with a determined and set face, and finally, half a mile up the shore, she saw a number of fishermen's boats on the beach.

She never stopped to consider who owned them or what inconvenience it would put the owner to if she took one of them. She must get back to the city, regardless of consequences!

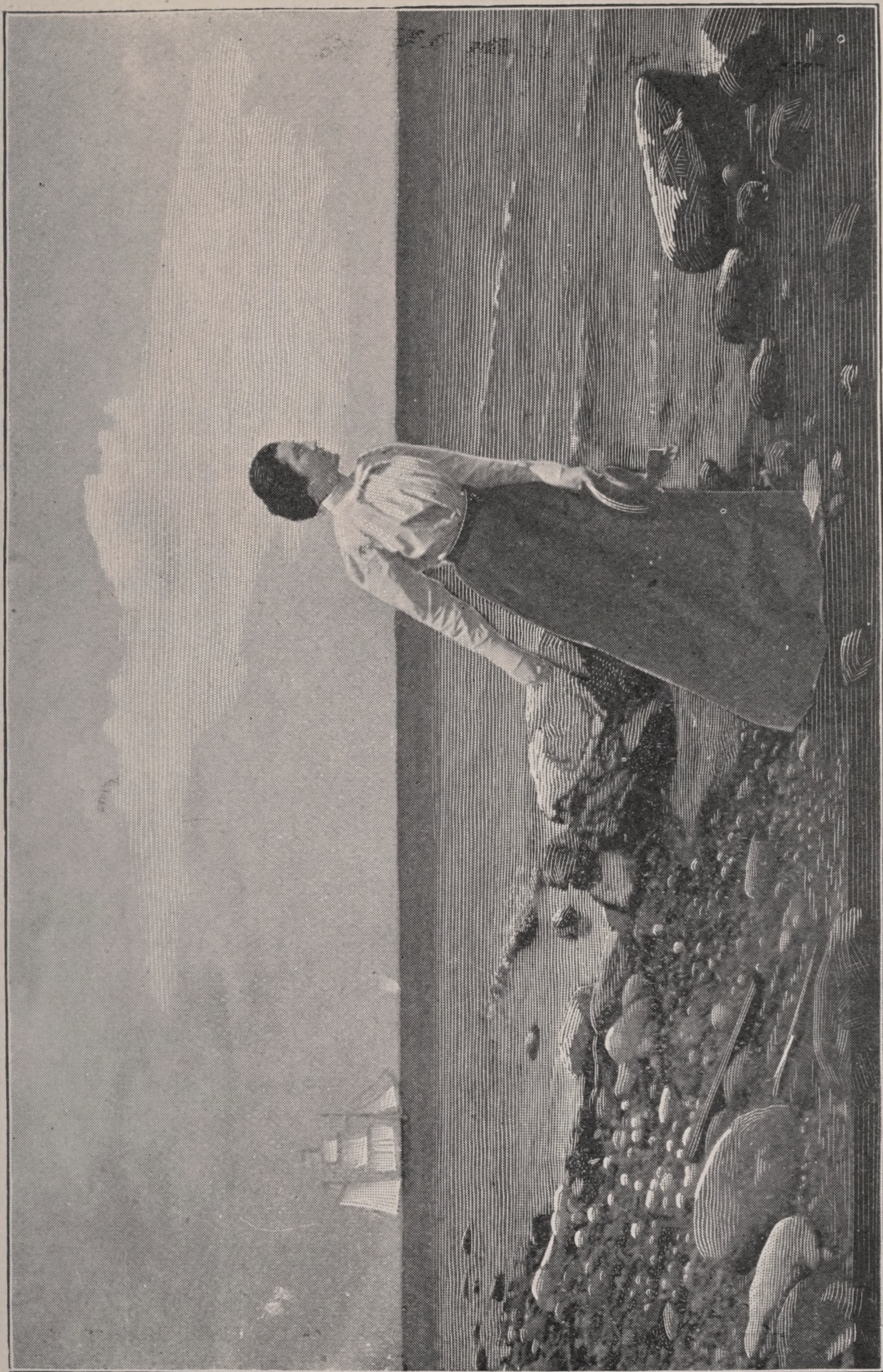
So she quickly untied and shoved one of the boats into the water, rowed out a distance, then set her sail, and she was soon nearing home. How glad she was! All her distress of mind seemed to leave her at once!

On, on she sailed, and soon her starting-place was lost to view.

It was now about noon, and Helen felt thirsty and hungry. She looked about the boat and saw a jug in the bow. She tied the rudder, and went forward to see what it contained. It was water, and appearing all right, she took a long draught.

The wind now began to freshen, and off in the distance Helen saw dark clouds come rolling up out of the water on the horizon. A storm was evidently coming. She ran her boat up into the wind, and the spray began to dash over her, wetting her through and through.

Her fears now rose, and she wondered how she was to reach home or shore. To go ashore would be impossible, as the waves were now running high. As the wind increased, so did her terror. It was a trying time, indeed! Helen soon saw that her



ON, ON, ON, HELEN RAN, WITH A SET AND DETERMINED FACE.—See page 91.

boat could not long live in such a storm, and she offered a silent prayer for protection.

“Oh, must I die now, when all seemed so bright?” she asked herself. “Oh, no, it cannot be! There must be some way of escaping from this perilous position. Oh, Captain Hardy, what trouble you have brought to our family! How much longer are you to continue in your base work!”

Suddenly Helen saw a tremendous wave rushing toward her boat, and then she felt the frail craft being raised in the air and turned over, and found herself clinging to the boat’s keel. Another wave nearly washed her off, but she clung on.

Scanning the ocean in her terror, she saw a vessel sailing toward her. The ship was coming bows on, but she could not see if her presence was known. Helen was encouraged, however, to hang on with all her strength, and her hopes again rose high.

In a few minutes the ship was to windward of her and she ran up into the wind. She saw the men waving to her, and a boat being lowered.

Helen uttered a faint cry of relief and almost lost her grasp on the overturned boat. She felt that she could not hold out much longer, and was barely conscious that she was grasped in a strong man's hands when her reason left her.

CHAPTER XIV.

JAMES' LIFE ON BOARD SHIP.

Captain Hines was quite jubilant as he saw the yawl boat gradually nearing the vessel. He considered himself very fortunate indeed in having overhauled his former passenger. A fair breeze was blowing offland, and as the Essex was reached, he ordered one of the men to cut the rope binding James' arms and legs.

"If he should conclude to jump overboard now, he can do so," muttered Hines. "He could never reach shore anyway."

Captain Hines looked curiously at James as he arose and took a seat.

"Well, Master Griffin, we're going to sea, and so you may as well make the best of it. If you behave yourself there'll be no trouble, and you'll have a good time."

James did not answer.

The boat had now reached the vessel's side, and was soon hauled aboard.

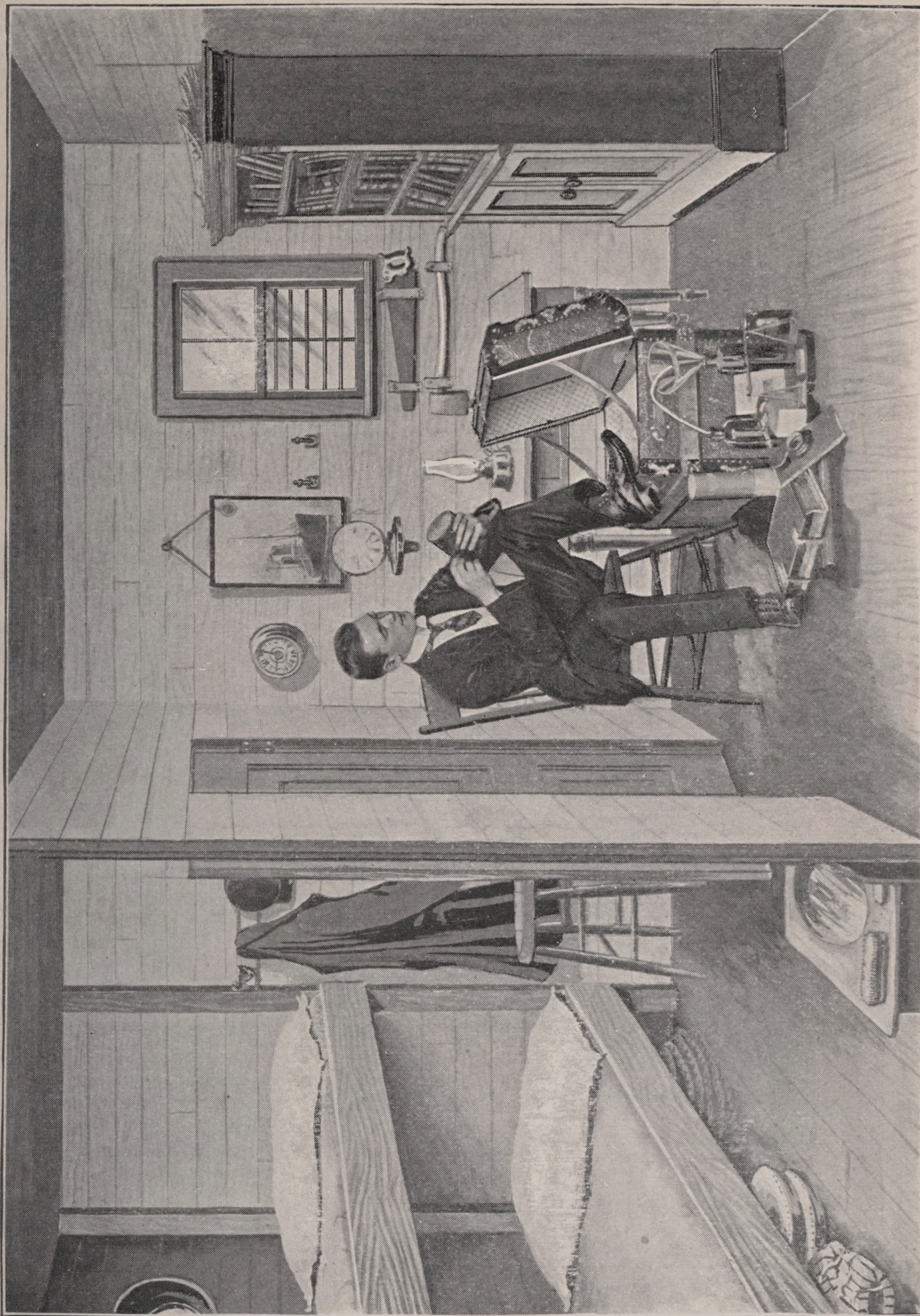
"Now lively, men, and let us get away from this coast as fast as we can."

"Master Griffin, come with me in the cabin, and let me show you your room," said Captain Hines. "You can take the stateroom next to mine, and make yourself comfortable. You'll have nothing to do particular, except to study navigation, so that when you become a man you'll be able to be a captain, too. We'll get along splendidly, we will," said Hines, in an evident effort to be on good terms with James.

James was not yet in a mood to be good-natured, or talk, so he kept silent and entered his stateroom. One of the first things he saw was a large trunk, bearing this inscription:

JAMES GRIFFIN.

ON BOARD
THE ESSEX.



"CAPT. HARDY EVIDENTLY INTENDS THAT I SHALL NOT WANT FOR MEANS OF AMUSING MYSELF,"
SAID JAMES.—See page 98.

James was surprised. Where did it come from? Had his uncle sent it?

Captain Hardy had really sent it on board in a boat right after he had boarded the vessel, so sure was he that Captain Hines would come to his terms. Hardy wanted to seem very considerate for James' welfare so as to lessen that young man's anger at being taken so violently from home. He had filled the trunk with just such articles as he knew would delight that young man's heart. James admitted, after examining the contents, that he himself could not have chosen better.

"Well, it is evidently for me, so I'll take the liberty of looking inside."

The key was in the lock. This he turned, and then unfastened the straps and catches. Lifting the lid he saw a note, which read as follows:

May 12, 1891.

Dear James:—I hope that you will find many little things in this trunk that will please you. I have been very careful to consider your every want and comfort, and I have also put in many little articles that will give you pleasure during your long trip. I hope you will look at the matter sensibly and not allow your anger to override your good reason. I have your

interest at heart, and, as your guardian, claim the right over your mother of seeing that you are properly brought up. With best wishes for a pleasant trip, I remain very truly,

Your uncle and guardian,

CAPT. JOHN HARDY.

"The hypocrite!" exclaimed James. "But it's no use to sit and mope over misfortunes. Under ordinary circumstances I wouldn't mind this at all, but being carried off the way I was, is something I do not relish. Well, never mind. Let's see what's in the trunk," added James philosophically.

James first saw a large assortment of light clothes, toilet articles, etc. After these were taken out he came to a box of medicines, a lot of electrical appliances, wires, a medical battery, and many things the captain had seen him use in his entertainments. There was also a camera and a lot of plates and a fine outfit for developing, printing, etc., a field glass and a magic lantern with a lot of slides, and a roll of colored paper. Then came a gramophone, and a lot of fireworks—enough for an evening's entertainment. There were also several books, mostly of a scientific nature.

"Captain Hardy evidently intends that I shall

not want for means of amusing myself," said James, smilingly surveying the contents of the trunk and well pleased with what he saw. "And he expects me to live long enough to celebrate the Fourth of July, anyway. Well, that is encouraging."

After looking over all the things he put them back, and locked the trunk.

"I'm in for it," said James, when he was through, "so I might as well put a cheerful face on matters, and look out for myself. I'll not let Hines throw me overboard, at any rate. I'll keep a sharp lookout and stay with the crowd. I know he wants to get rid of me, but I am sure he is too cowardly to do so himself. I'll get on good terms with the crew, and learn what I can. They'll never see me with my head hanging down, that is sure. Besides I'll see if I cannot get a little fun out of my trip. Sailors are superstitious, and I think some of my tricks will help me along wonderfully. Wait till I scare the life out of Hines, and it's lucky he doesn't know what I have in this trunk." And James

could not help smiling in anticipation of the things he was going to do.

Thus James spent the day all by himself, planning for the future, thinking of home and his friends. He practiced for a time on ventriloquism, so as not to get rusty. To be a successful ventriloquist, the learner must study at all times to imitate sounds, not as they are heard at their source, but as they fall upon the ear after traveling from a distance. That is the golden rule of ventriloquism; and, if it is continually kept in mind, success is certain. As conjurors endeavor to deceive the eye, so ventriloquists try to deceive the ear. The "distance voice" originates at that spot in the throat where the "cluck" takes place when drinking, so, without any facial contortions or movements of the lips, words must be forced against the back part of the palate one by one, with a series of short, quick breaths, at the same time strengthening the sounds by using the muscles of the stomach, which will give them increased power, so that they will reach the audience clear and distinct. The farther off the sound is supposed to be, the smaller the quantity

of breath must be expired. The great fault with beginners is straining after effect. No sooner do they make a little headway and begin to feel their feet, than they want to run, a proceeding which will bring their endeavors to a dismal failure.

As evening came, James ate lightly and silently with Captain Hines, and retired early. With plans for the future forming in his mind, he went to sleep.

Bright and early in the morning he was on deck, and cheerfully greeted each and every one of the men. He had already taken a lesson in navigation before Captain Hines appeared. The men soon liked his cheerful ways and his desire to learn. They began to talk with him about various subjects and were surprised to find him so well informed. They imagined that a young city chap could not know much, if anything, about foreign countries and foreign people, and tides and winds, etc., but he showed them that he not only knew about such matters, but had a better understanding than they.

They began to ask him questions, especially concerning tidal waves. Their craft had encountered

one on its last trip and no one seemed to know much about them. Their boat was floating upon the easy swelling of the surface, giving a graceful roll to their ship, when they suddenly saw in the distance a ridge of water that advanced with grandeur, silently, menacingly and swiftly, toward them.

Nearer and nearer it came, rearing its apparently endless curve higher and higher. Like a prairie fire, there was no place to flee from before its face, and they had not long to wait in suspense. Suddenly it was upon the boat, which rose up like a bird, then hurled forward, backward, downward, as if she would never again regain her normal keel, while the crew hung desperately to whatever holding-places they were able to reach. Luckily the boat was rightly situated to take the wave, or it would have been doomed, and another disaster placed to the credit of the sea.

"As yet," said James, "there is considerable doubt as to the cause of these irregular waves. They cannot be classed with the regular tides, those mysterious indispensable swellings of the waters following the pull of the moon, that rolls

around this globe of ours twice in every twenty-four hours, stemming the outflow of mighty rivers, penetrating far inland wherever access is available, and doing with its short lease of life an amount of beneficent and gratuitous work that would, if it had to be paid for, wreck the wealthiest men or country in the world. Some claim that these marvelous upliftings of the sea bosom are not tidal waves at all—that they do not belong to that normal ebb and flow of the ocean that owes its sway to the moon. If it was so, they would be met with more frequently than they are. To prove that tidal waves are not caused by the moon, I may mention that small islands, like St. Helena, Tristan da Cunha, and Ascension, are visited occasionally by a succession of appalling waves that deal havoc among the small shipping, and when they come in, appear as though they might overwhelm the whole land. They are undoubtedly due to cosmic disturbances, to submarine earthquakes, which, upheaving the ocean beds, cause so vast a displacement of water that these stupendous waves result.”

James discoursed on all subjects that arose, and thus the days passed; and when he thought that his reputation for being a model young man was firmly established, he began to try his hand at ventriloquism and rigged up some of his electrical apparatus.

It wasn't long before the report was general that the ship was haunted.

Captain Hines was unable to sleep at night. The sights and sounds he had heard terrified him almost beyond endurance.

CHAPTER XV.

MRS. GRIFFIN'S GRIEF.

Mrs. Griffin sat in her cosy sitting-room in great trouble and deep in thought when Joe Farrell rang the bell. She hastily went to the door, and immediately asked about James and Helen.

"Helen is down by the boat house. She wanted to remain a while. She is in deep sorrow."

"And James? Oh, have they really carried him off to sea, Mr. Farrell?"

"James was on board the Essex, but not for long. At the first opportunity he jumped overboard."

"And where is he now?" asked the anxious mother.

"Mrs. Griffin," said Joe, with bowed head, "I am afraid he has been drowned."

"Drowned! James drowned!" she exclaimed in despair. "Oh, Mr. Farrell, it cannot be! He must

have swam ashore. He was such a splendid swimmer."

"The men on board said they saw him sink before their eyes, and nothing was seen of him for half an hour. Come, Mrs. Griffin, bear up. Remember, though we do not understand God's ways, we must bear up with humility under all that He does. We must all die some day."

Good old Joe hardly knew what to say to console the poor mother in her great grief.

"Come, Mrs. Griffin, let us go down to where Helen is. She needs consolation in her great grief," said Joe.

Mrs. Griffin hurriedly got ready, and the two hastily left the house to repair to where Joe had left Helen.

"Where is she, Mr. Farrell?" asked the mother anxiously.

"I left her sitting here by the boat. My God—!" Just then Joe saw the overturned boat and no sign of Helen. His heart went to his throat, as he instinctively connected the overturned boat with her disappearance.

Mrs. Griffin heard his cry and again exclaimed:

"Where is Helen?" and she looked anxiously up and down the water.

A short distance away she saw a man standing. It was Captain Hardy. She paid no attention to him. Her whole thoughts were at that moment centered on Helen. She called her name, low at first, but receiving no answer, she raised her voice so that it could be heard a great distance.

Captain Hardy turned around and looked at her.

"Helen! Helen!" she cried, in an agony of mind.

Then she saw Joe pick up Helen's apron, and her mind was all in a whirl.

"It's Helen's!" she exclaimed.

Joe was mute with wonder and despair! He could only point to the overturned boat. To him it told the whole story.

"Oh, my God! Helen, too, gone! Dead! Drowned! Oh, Helen! Oh, James! Oh, my dear husband! Has the sea claimed you all!"

Joe finally ventured to say that Helen must have got into the boat to again search for James, and in her despair overturned the boat and drowned.

Mrs. Griffin was stunned. Joe was unable to witness her agony, and said he would look further along the shore.

Suddenly Mrs. Griffin heard a step, and turning around as if in an unwelcome presence, she beheld Captain Hardy.

She turned from him as though he were a snake.

"Mrs. Griffin, let me speak to you!" said the captain eagerly.

"I do not wish to see you! You have caused James' death, and through that, Helen's also! Oh, monster, you will have much to pay for. Leave me! Leave me!"

"Listen to me, Mrs. Griffin. It is true that James is drowned. But it was an unfortunate accident. I wished to let him see something of the world, and by his refusing to carry out the wishes of his guardian he met his death. But as to Helen, she is not dead!"

"Not dead? Not drowned? Oh, Captain Hardy, where is Helen?" and Mrs. Griffin looked appealingly to her enemy.

"Mrs. Griffin, it is as I said. Helen is alive and

well and it depends upon you how long she will be away. Mrs. Griffin, Annie—listen to me. I have taken harsh measures, I admit—but forgive me. As soon as you become my wife she will be restored to you well and happy. Come, Annie, be reasonable and sensible. Your husband has long been dead, and your hope for him to return is all in vain.”

“Captain Hardy, what you say is infamous! How dare you act in such a high-handed manner! I shall have you arrested and the whole city shall know of your shameful conduct!” cried Mrs. Griffin in great indignation.

“Not so fast, Mrs. Griffin, you must remember that I am well able to fight you in the courts. You have no money to prosecute a suit of such a nature. Listen to what I say. If you make any fight against me you will never see Helen’s face again!”

Mrs. Griffin covered her face in great agony, as the extreme hopelessness of her position came to her mind.

“Remember, Mrs. Griffin, you can have Helen

returned to your home whenever you come to my terms." And with these words Captain Hardy departed.

Mrs. Griffin was in despair. The world seemed more dark and dreary than it had ever appeared before.

"What shall I do! What shall I do!" was all she could moan.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE.

Once out to sea, Captain Hines became ugly to his men, and without apparent reason gave them many blows.

One night a gale sprang up and James was at the wheel, as he voluntarily shared the work with the others. All hands were set at work reefing the topsails. The men were manning the halyards to hoist away, when one poor fellow instead of letting go the reef tackle, let go the weather fore-top sail brace, and away went the yard, fore and aft. By luffing up smartly James managed to prevent anything being carried away. But Captain Hines became almost insane with anger as he was a little the worse for liquor. He swore he would tan the foolish lubber's hide who had done so clumsy a thing, and as soon as the unlucky fellow came on deck the captain rushed upon him with

a heavy rope and gave him a fearful cut over the shoulders. His hand rose to repeat the blow, when a voice from aloft roared out:

"Hold on there, Captain!"

The voice was clear and wonderfully plain, and the captain looked up and cried:

"Aloft there!"

"Well?" came the answer back.

"Come on deck at once, or I'll have you put in irons," was the captain's order.

"Go wipe off your chin, and pull down your vest," was the irritating and contemptuous response.

The captain fairly foamed.

"Come down on deck at once!" he ordered again.

"Come up and get me," came the answer from aloft.

"Who is up there, mate?" said the captain, beginning to get uneasy.

"No one, sir," was the reply. "All hands are on deck," said the mate as he looked about.

"You lie!" roared Hines. "Get the lubber down and have him put in irons at once!"

"There is no one up there, captain. Count the men here, yourself."

The captain did so.

"Then there must be some stowaway on board. Go aloft and bring him down!"

The mate went up the rigging and looked over the top rim, made a circuit of it, and then called down that he was alone.

"Then the ship must be haunted," ventured one of the men.

The captain began to tremble. He was superstitious and cowardly, and he dropped the piece of rope and went below.

The next morning the captain came on deck sober, and felt heartily ashamed for his fears of the night before. He immediately began to look about for some one upon whom he could vent his spleen. He had ordered one of the men to do a job of splicing, and when it was finished and brought to him, he went into a rage without looking at it.

"Do you call that a splice, you lubber? I'll dock you to ordinary seaman's wages."

The man protested, which was what the captain was waiting for, and picking up the rope said:

"I'll splice this over your lubberly back!"

"Stay your hand, Captain!" again called out the voice, this time from behind the cabin.

The captain turned about and looked to where the sound came from, and then rushed in that direction. No one was there.

"Mate, who was that?" he called out. "Bring him here and I'll load him in irons!"

"Always catch your hare before you cook him!" cried the voice tauntingly.

"Let me get hold of you and I'll thrash you within an inch of your life."

"Don't get so angry, Captain. Ha! ha! ha!" was the mocking reply, now from another part of the ship, and away from all the crew.

Being broad daylight, it was plain that no one was there, and with a frightened look upon his face he again dropped the rope, and went below.

Sailors are naturally superstitious. Whatever

cannot easily be made out or accounted for on natural principles, is supposed to be supernatural. Hines was as bad as the most ignorant on the ship, for he was as illiterate and rough as they, and untutored except in the matter of navigation. He now firmly believed that his ship was haunted, as did everyone except James, who, as the reader has surmised, was the cause of the strange doings.

Hines evidently thought that some spirit from the deep had come on board to torment him for his crimes. That night, as the captain's cabin window was open for fresh air, and he had just retired, he heard a most fearful and agonizing yell, which brought him, half-dressed, on deck. He demanded the cause of the disturbance, but while others had heard the noise, none could explain its cause.

The captain now firmly believed that the ship was haunted, and this idea was strengthened by the fact that whenever he became angry at the men or made a move to punish them, that voice would warningly forbid his actions. Then he would rush

off to his cabin, with blanched face and tottering gait.

James wished that he could tell the men the cause of the strange voice, but he feared that it would come to the captain's ear, and thus spoil the power he had over him.

Although the voice seemed to be a protection to the men in the forecastle, they were not happy, and many of them would rather have taken their unjust punishments than to have the mysterious voice interfere.

He told the men that they had nothing to fear, and that the spirit was only looking for Captain Hines.

CHAPTER XVII.

HELEN AGAIN HOME.

When Helen regained consciousness, she was in about the same position as that of her brother James when he was picked up in San Francisco Bay, the day before.

Helen looked curiously at her surroundings and could not at first comprehend the meaning of her peculiar situation, but pleasant faces assured her that she was in good hands.

"Well, Miss, you had a close call," said the captain, smiling. "How did you possibly get into such a predicament as we found you? Out in a small boat in such weather! Well, you're safe now!"

Helen felt the boat rushing through the big sea, and became anxious as to where she was being taken.

"Where are we going?" she asked, without stopping to answer the captain's questions.

"To San Francisco, and we'll be there inside of three hours at the rate we're scudding along."

"Oh, how fortunate," cried the young girl, joyfully. "I want to get home as soon as I can."

"Do your parents know where you are?" asked the captain.

"My mother must think I'm dead, and I am anxious to get home at once!" And Helen rose and rearranged her wet garments.

"Well, don't worry, young lady; I'll land you as soon as possible."

Then Helen related part of her adventures, but was reserved about the doings of Captain Hardy and his efforts to force her mother to marry him.

The captain of the vessel was interested. He also knew her father, and his good words about the missing man caused Helen to become confident and grateful. Helen, feeling that he was an honest man, finally related the whole story. Captain Napier, of the vessel *Seattle* (such was the name of the captain and his ship) became indignant at the high-handed measures adopted by Captain Hardy, and declared that he would make it his

business to put a stop to it. He wrote down Helen's address, and said he would call as soon as possible.

In a short time the staunch craft was tied up to her wharf. Helen again thanked the captain for saving her life and for his kindness, and then she departed hurriedly for home.

On the way she met Joe Farrell. He looked at her in speechless wonder, and could hardly believe his ears when she cried:

"Oh, Joe!"

Joe was overjoyed.

"Miss Griffin, how did you get here? Your mother was told by Captain Hardy that you were taken to some far-off place to remain there until she consented to marry him," and Joe looked at her in wonder.

"But I'm here, Joe, and wish to go to mother at once. What do you think, Joe, I met James this morning many miles from here down on the coast. He was not drowned at all!"

"James alive! Hooray!" and Joe threw his hat

in the air to give vent to his feelings. "But how did he escape drowning?"

"I don't know myself. He hadn't time to tell me all. We were escaping together when James was overpowered by Captain Hines and several sailors. He is now out to sea on his way south."

"Well, of all the wonderful stories I ever heard, the doings of you two beat them all. Both of you drowned and yet both alive!" And Joe shook his head in perplexity.

"Poor James!" sighed Helen.

"Don't you worry about James," said Joe. "He'll take good care of himself. They can't kill him nohow."

They were now nearing the house, and Joe suggested that he had better go in first and break the news to Mrs. Griffin.

Helen went around the back way.

Mrs. Griffin received Joe kindly and could not account for his pleased looks.

"I have good news for you, Mrs. Griffin. It is not sure that James was drowned—"

"—— Oh, Joe!"

“Yes, he was seen after he was supposed to be dead.”

“Where and by whom?”

“Helen saw him this morning!”

“Helen—where is Helen?—how do you know this?” asked the agitated mother.

“Helen is on her way home—she must be almost here—I’ll go out and look for her,” and Joe diplomatically stepped outdoors and Helen came into the room.

It was an affecting meeting, and as soon as Mrs. Griffin was able to talk she asked about James.

Helen related the whole story, but could not tell how he managed to get so many miles away in so short a time.

“He swam the whole distance!” asserted Joe, who had re-entered the door. “That boy cannot be drowned, no more than a fish, and Helen, you are a wonder, too. Just think of it! Sailing out on the ocean alone in a storm, getting overturned, and yet here she is!”

“Now, Joe, what do you think we had better do about Helen? When Captain Hardy learns that

she is here, he will resort to some other means of injuring us. Don't you think we had better seek legal advice in the matter?" asked Mrs. Griffin.

"Yes, I think the whole matter should be made public. But remember, Mrs. Griffin, Captain Hardy is rich, influential, and would resort to any crime to beat us. For the present, I think it would be best to give him to understand that if he makes one more hostile move, we shall adopt severe measures. In the meantime we had better keep a sharp lookout. I am watching Captain Hardy, and will report to you what I see and hear. I heard to-day that he is selling some of his properties, and I wondered if he was not preparing to leave the country."

CHAPTER XVIII.

JAMES MAKES MORE TROUBLE.

Captain Hines became so troubled that he soon lost his appetite. He heard low moanings and far-away voices, with groans and shrieks. At night his sleep was disturbed, and James soon discovered that some great crime was on his mind. In his dreams he would fight over some terrible conflict that he had doubtless some day passed through.

One night James heard him talking in his sleep, and quietly opened the door to listen.

"I'll get his money yet," said the captain, "I'll kill him to-night! Ah, Sam Connell, you will have to die to-night!" and the captain turned over in his berth uneasily and then sat up.

That was enough for James. Throwing his voice up the stairway he said in a deep tone:

"Hello, Captain Hines! Don't you know me?"

Of course you do! I'm Sam Connell, ha, ha, ha! I want to talk to you, Captain Hines!"

Captain Hines was out of his berth in an instant.

"What was that? Has he come back to torment me? What a fearful dream I had! And that voice, it seemed as real as life! Pshaw, it was only imagination. I wonder what causes those nightmares and those strange sounds I hear? I wonder if it's owing to the presence of that Griffin boy? It may be a warning. I remember what he told me—that I would surely be defeated in my efforts to get rid of him. I wish he was off this boat. I am sure I would then get relief from these terrible sounds and hideous laughs. But I wouldn't dare to use violence on him. I must leave him on some island—any way to get rid of him!" and then the agitated captain walked on deck to get fresh air.

James thought he had punished the captain enough for one night, so he went to sleep.

The next evening James was standing near the rail apparently unconcerned, and the captain was pacing up and down the deck in deep thought.

Suddenly a voice was heard from the rigging shouting a warning to Captain Hines.

"Hello, Captain Hines! You are on a dangerous voyage! What you intend to do now may result in your death! Mark what I tell you, Captain Hines!"

"Who is that?" shouted the captain.

"Don't you know Sam Connell? Well, it's me, Captain Hines."

The captain put his hand to his head in an agony.

The crew looked at each other in superstitious awe.

James rigged up in his stateroom a hideous looking face, and inserted incandescent ruby-colored globes for eyes, with different colors for mouth, etc., and connecting all with a wire, he placed it on the rail of the boat, and then he made the lights appear and go out at will.

When the sailors saw that terrible sight they believed it was the evil one himself, come to claim all the guilty souls on board the ship.

James then started up his gramophone and as it was faintly heard above the wash of the water

against the ship's side, Captain Hines and his men were panic-stricken.

All this was hastily removed, however, as James did not want to go too far in his punishment, nor did he wish to overdo the matter.

During the next day James heard a great deal from the sailors about the mysterious voice. Some of the men thought James must be a hoodoo. Others insisted that it was all the captain's fault, for the voice addressed him. James, of course, appeared as mystified as the others.

The next evening James placed a little battery near the compass, and with two wires made a connection so as to cause the needle to point east instead of north. The wheelman had not noticed anything, as he fastened the wheel for a few moments, and was looking over the rail. When he leisurely returned he saw that the ship's course was away off from where he had left it, according to the compass, but he quickly saw that according to the stars she was on her regular course. He never stopped to reason the matter, but made a dash for the cabin and called the captain. James

quickly removed his apparatus and threw it overboard, as he could hardly pass without being seen. He leaned quietly over the rail to hear what was said.

"Very strange," remarked the wheelman, "the compass was pointing due east, as sure as I live. I don't like this business a bit. There's something wrong about this ship!"

"Nonsense, Jack," returned the captain, "all imagination."

"Well, we'll see if you call it imagination," returned the wheelman.

They both looked at the compass. It was all right.

"I'll take an oath, Captain Hines, that not five minutes ago that compass was pointing east. Now it is all right, I admit, but it's liable to turn again at any moment."

"The trouble is, Jack, you and the men think and talk too much about spirits and ghosts, and it works so on your imagination that you cannot longer see straight," said the captain, as he quickly went away.

He did not wish to talk about the matter, but he believed what the wheelman told him about the compass, and that with his guilty conscience made him tremble from head to foot.

Thus the days and weeks went by, and finally an island was sighted. It was somewhere near the Tonga or Friendly group. As the *Essex* neared the land, all were eager to once more set foot on terra firma.

Dinner was eaten while land was yet a couple of hours' sail distant, and James never noticed that Captain Hines dropped a powder into his coffee cup before it was emptied.

Hurriedly finishing his repast, James quickly went on deck and looked curiously at the low-lying, tropical foliage and was anxious to get ashore and inhale the sweet perfumes. But he knew that now was the time to be on his guard. He became more suspicious as Captain Hines was unusually cordial and conciliatory.

"Come, James," he said, "don't you wish to go ashore with us? You can gather some fruit and



“JAMES GRIFFIN, YOU WILL SOON BE ASLEEP, AND WHEN YOU AWAKE WE SHALL BE FAR AWAY.”

—See page 130.

get a drink of fresh water, as there are undoubtedly many springs there."

James hesitated a moment. Then he thought that he could take care of himself without difficulty. He would keep near the men, and he could not understand how the captain could possibly leave him behind. So he entered the boat, but watched the captain narrowly. He thought he saw a triumphant look on his face, and determined to keep right at the heels of Captain Hines all the time.

James was now growing stronger, with his daily experience, and in a test of strength could easily hold his own with Captain Hines.

As the men landed, Captain Hines gave the order that all should be on hand at 5 p. m., as the stop there would be short.

The island seemed uninhabited, and the men spread out and went in different directions.

James went with Captain Hines, but he had a revolver in his pocket, ready to use it if any foul play was attempted.

After eating some fruit and getting a drink of fresh water, the captain said he was weary. He

remarked that the perfumes gave him a tired feeling, and he sat down. James was also feeling very weary, and he lay down at the foot of a tree and closed his eyes.

The captain looked at the young man triumphantly.

"The drug is working," muttered Hines. "James Griffin, you will soon be asleep, and when you awake, we shall be far away!"

James felt an overpowering sense of fatigue steal over him, and without realizing what he was doing, he soon fell into a deep sleep.

CHAPTER XIX.

JAMES ON THE ISLAND.

The island on which James had been left by Captain Hines was comparatively small, but a veritable garden, and there was fruit and fish and oysters enough to support several hundreds if not thousands of people.

Flowers and birds were there in profusion and the songs of the latter made the woods ring with melody.

When James awoke from his drugged sleep all was darkness. He could see the silvery rays of the moon shining through the trees, and he could not make out what it meant. He quickly collected his senses, however, and sprang to his feet.

“Where’s Captain Hines? Where’s the vessel? Hallo! Hallo!” shouted James, as he began to realize the possibility of his position.

There was no answer to his calls. He only heard a faint echo of his shout.

In an agony he dashed toward the beach and looked in vain for signs of the *Essex*. On a line with the moon the water glittered prettily, but all the beauties were lost upon the young man in his first outburst of despair.

James stood with straining eyes and bated breath for a sight or sound that would bring hope to him. But all was still.

"Have I been left alone on this island? How am I ever to escape? Oh, how terrible!"

In his madness of despair he ran along the beach and finally saw a dark square object before him. He sprang forward to see what it could be.

It was his trunk. On the trunk lay a number of tools—a saw, ax, nails, ropes, a large piece of canvas, blankets, cooking utensils, a gun, and other things that would be useful to a person who was about to live a Robinson Crusoe life.

On the trunk was tacked a letter. He tore it open and could just read in the dim light as follows:

Dear James:—I am very sorry you took a notion into your head to run away from your ship. You will doubtless repent of your rash step after the novelty wears off. We made every effort to find you. We took your refusal to answer our calls as an indication that you were bound to remain. The time will come when you will be sorry for disobeying your guardian. To show my good intentions toward you, I have left you your trunk and some tools that I thought you might need, for you should know that this island is far from the track of passing vessels and you may live and die here of old age before another vessel ever calls. With best wishes for your happiness,

I remain,

CAPT. CHAS. HINES.

“What a villain he is,” muttered James. “Why does he write me so hypocritical a letter? He thinks it will drive me mad! What a terrible position! Alone on an island! Out of the tracks of vessels! Am I to live alone and then perish miserably at last? Oh, the heartlessness of that man!”

Thus James sat for a long time wondering at his fate, with hot tears coming from his eyes.

He offered a prayer to God for his mother, sister Helen and himself, and when morning came he was quite calm. There was a determined look in his features and he saw that he must bear up under his sore affliction.

“It might be worse,” he finally said, consolingly.

"I've got my trunk and lots of tools. I'll get something to eat and then I'll build a house. There's no danger of starving here at all events," and James gazed alternately at the prodigality of fruits and at the clams on the beach.

James then helped himself to various fruits and built a fire and baked some clams. Having satisfied his hunger James felt a great deal better. His brave heart and sunny nature had returned.

"I have reason to feel thankful that I am still alive, even though on an uninhabited island," mused James. "It was all planned by Captain Hardy and Captain Hines to do away with me, and if Hines had not been such a coward, and if I had not frightened him so fearfully on the *Essex*, he would doubtless have knocked me over the head some dark night and I'd been food for the fishes. Instead of that I'm here alive and can live like a king. I'll build a boat, too, and sail over to the other islands and see what they look like. I think if Robinson Crusoe got along so well I can do likewise. I have all the benefits of his experience and the chances of my being picked up are a thou-

sand times better than during his time. In a few years at the longest some vessel will cruise around here. I wonder what country claims these islands? Well, I'll run up the American flag I have in my trunk, and place myself under the protection of the United States. I'll appoint myself governor at once and will conduct myself with all the dignity becoming so high an officer."

James was becoming quite cheerful. His grief was all spent and there was no more danger that he would again worry over his isolated position.

"Wouldn't Hines tear his hair if he could see how contented I am! He doubtless thinks I am running up and down the beach in despair, and that within a few days I will be a raving maniac and dash out my brains against a tree. Well, I'll just take good care of myself and turn up again, and make those villains pay dearly for their persecutions of myself and mother and sister. Poor Helen, I wonder how she is getting along. I don't think any harm is meant her. I am glad she knows that I am alive."

Then he thought of his dear mother and how she

would worry over his long absence. These thoughts spurred him on to energy.

"The first thing to do is to build a house while the weather is nice. I must always prepare for the future. I must go ahead as though I was to stay here for many years. After the house is built I must construct a good, durable sail boat, and after a while I will take a few cruises about. Lucky Captain Hines left so large a piece of canvas. He doubtless meant me to use it to keep off the rain. He never suspected that I would be able to build a boat, for he didn't know that I helped Joe Farrell many a day in his workshop."

James began felling small trees and trimming them, and by noon he had cleared a place, with four large trees for corner posts. Then he set to work making a log house. He only stopped at noon long enough to eat, and then went to work again. By night he had most of his material ready.

The first night he slept on a blanket and placed the canvas over him. He had no fear of wild animals, for he was not molested the evening before.

The next morning he took a bath early and

again feasted on oysters and fruits. He also found some breadfruit and baked it in the hot coals.

He worked all day on his house. He made two rooms—a kitchen and sitting room. From the sitting room he had a good view of the ocean. In the kitchen he intended to cook and eat. For the roof James used palm leaves, and when they were all placed and fastened like shingles on a roof, not a drop of water could come through.

James brought in his trunk and all the tools he had. He made a door in each end of the cabin, so as to have two exits in case of emergency.

At the end of his first week on the island he felt that his house was finished.

CHAPTER XX.

CAPTAIN HARDY HEARS OF HELEN'S ESCAPE.

The next day after Helen had returned home Captain Hardy called on Mrs. Griffin.

He expected to find her overwhelmed with her grief and he counted that she would be more tractable. He felt sure that within a week she would consent to marry him if only for the sake of once more having her daughter with her.

What was his surprise then to see her looking remarkably well—even pleasant.

He looked at her searchingly and apprehensively. He felt that something must be wrong.

"Good morning, Mrs. Griffin. I am glad to see you looking more cheerful. I hope you look with more favor upon my desire to marry you."

"No, Captain Hardy. I am still set on refusing to entertain any such ideas. I shall never marry you," answered Mrs. Griffin firmly.

"Remember, Mrs. Griffin, you will not see your daughter again, then. Would you not like to see Helen?"

"I can see her when I desire, Captain Hardy, notwithstanding your infamous plans to keep her in hiding."

Mrs. Griffin had intended to keep her daughter's presence in the house unknown, but the news had been spread among the neighbors that she was drowned, and since then Helen had been seen, and as she had no desire to keep anything secret, she decided to speak out.

Captain Hardy was dumbfounded.

"What do you mean, Mrs. Griffin? You do not know where she is, so you cannot see her as you say. You are talking with too much assurance."

"You are mistaken, Captain Hardy. Helen is here in this house. Just as your plans to do away with James have failed, so have they miscarried with your kidnapping Helen."

Just then Helen entered the sitting room and stood before the astounded captain.

"You here? Has Captain Hines played me

false? And you say James is alive?" he added, turning to Mrs. Griffin.

"Yes," answered Helen. "James is as much alive as I. I talked with him this morning. And now listen to me, Captain Hardy. You must discontinue your persecutions of us. One more act of yours will be the signal to have you arrested, and you cannot doubt but that your doings will put you behind prison bars."

"And now, Captain Hardy," said Mrs. Griffin, "I wish you to leave us in peace. Remember, another reprehensible act of yours will not be tolerated."

Captain Hardy was in a fury. He thought Captain Hines was a traitor to him. He could not understand Helen's presence there, and the assertion that James was yet alive was overwhelming.

He left hastily and went to his office to think over matters. He knew that if the law was once invoked, it would be bad for him. The company's affairs would be investigated and he would be unable to prove his claim to the Griffin property. True, he had a power of attorney from Mr. Griffin,

who trusted him so implicitly, but if he had to make a proper accounting of the property he would be in a bad fix. He was groping in the dark and was afraid of unseen dangers. After long thought he made up his mind to dispose of the firm's property and be in readiness to depart at a moment's notice.

Just then the office door was opened and in stepped Captain Saam of the *Sea Gull*, just returned from a trip to the South Pacific islands.

Captain Saam was another of Hardy's friends and a worthy companion to Captain Hines. Captain Hardy was pleased with the roughest kind of characters. He could always count on them to do what he wanted done. Captain Saam had lost two ships for Captain Hardy, and both were heavily insured.

The greeting of the two was extremely cordial. Captain Hardy immediately took the commander into his private room, as he always wanted to be alone where sharp ears and prying eyes could neither hear nor see.

"How was the trip?" asked Hardy, who owned a half interest in the Sea Gull.

"All right," answered Captain Saam. "But a very unpleasant incident happened. While passing an island in the South Pacific we saw a man signal to us, and come out to us in a canoe. We hove to to see what he wanted, and who do you think it proved to be?"

"Haven't the remotest idea. Never was very good at guessing puzzles," and Captain Hardy smiled at his own pleasantry.

"It was your brother-in-law, Emil Griffin!"

It would have been impossible for Captain Hardy to have been more stunned by anything he could have seen or heard than he was now. He leaped from his chair and nearly choked with fright and emotion.

"Where is he?" were the first words that he could utter. "You surely did not bring him here to ruin me!"

"No, Captain Hardy. As soon as I learned who he was I put him into a boat just before a storm was coming up and again set him adrift. But the

storm blew over and we were then far away. He undoubtedly reached land and may be alive now. I know the exact island where he would land if he got ashore."

"This is terrible news, Captain Saam. Do you know that if Emil Griffin should return it would be the ruin of us both? You would lose the half interest in the Sea Gull! We must return to the island, Captain, and make sure that he is dead. If he is not dead, we must kill him! I'll stand the expense and reward you liberally, too. We must get ready at once. I'll go with you. This world is not big enough for both of us to live on."

Captain Hardy got up and paced the floor nervously.

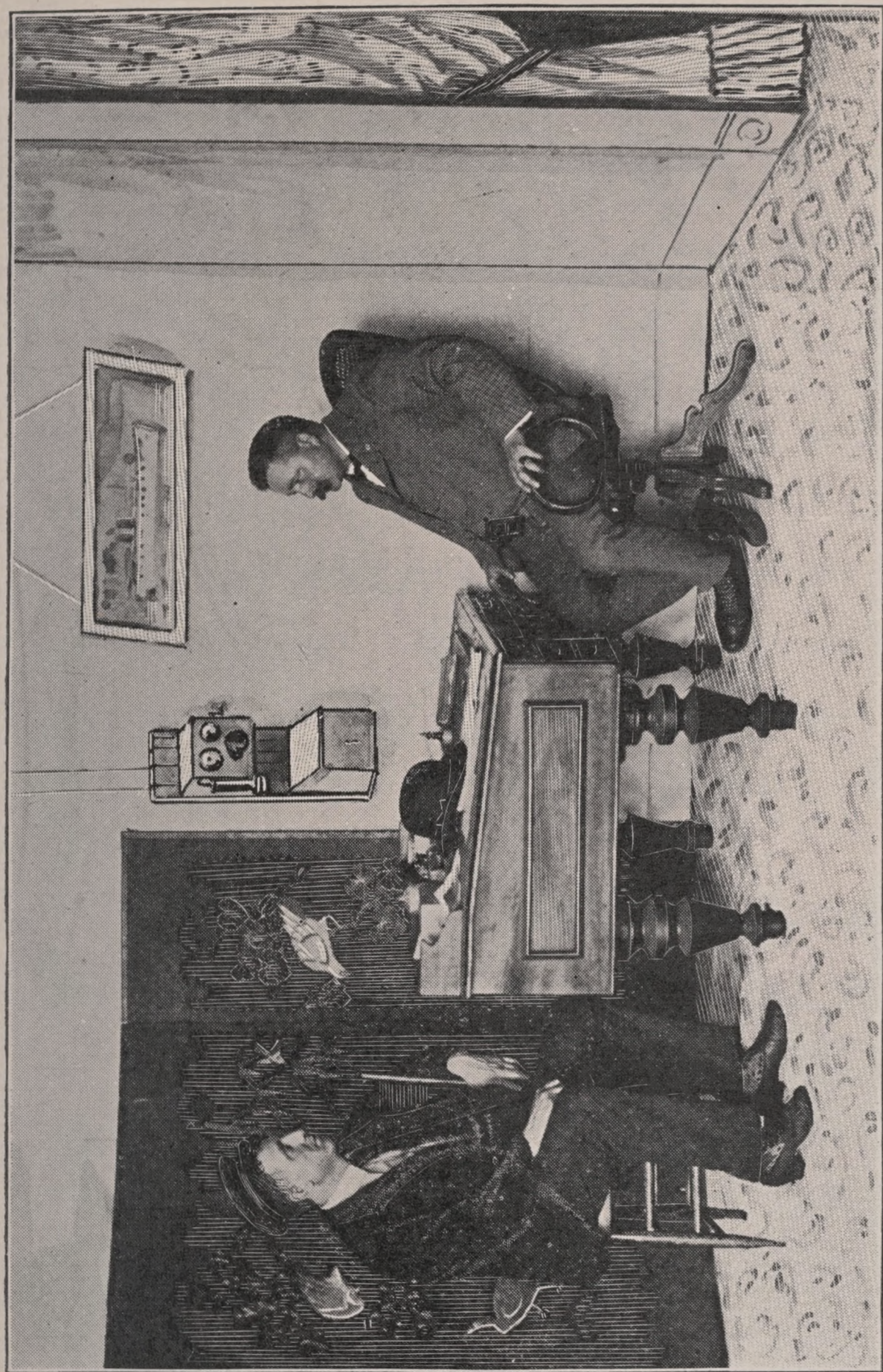
"Does any of the crew know that it was Mr. Griffin?" asked Hardy, anxiously.

"No; I was alone with him in the cabin when he informed me who he was. I told him you were married to his wife by this time and it nearly crushed him. I told him I could not take him back under any circumstances and made him get into one of the boats and with a few articles set him

adrift. He offered me thousands to let him return, but I knew it would be your ruin, so I refused."

"That was right, Captain Saam. I am truly grateful. But I wish you had got rid of him for good. Well, we must get ready at once to search for him. And don't let a word of this get out. Are you sure none of the sailors knew him?"

"I arranged that all right. I told them that he was a murderer and that I would not keep him on board. He truly looked terrible, with his long white hair and long beard. I threatened to shoot Griffin if he uttered a word. So none know who he was."



"HOW WAS THE TRIP?" ASKED HARDY, WHO OWNED A HALF INTEREST IN THE SEA GULL.—See page 142.

CHAPTER XXI.

CANNIBALS VISIT THE ISLAND.

James kept hard work for several days getting everything neat and trim about his cabin.

He also made a temporary raft, so that he could go out fishing. He thought a fish would taste good and vary his diet besides. He now had all the fruits he wished to eat, and fish, oysters and birds' eggs in abundance.

James had made a trip around the island. It was about two and a half miles long and about three-quarters of a mile wide. Armed with his camera he took half a dozen views of pretty places he came across. He thought the photos would be a nice remembrance when he got back to civilization.

James found a number of pretty coves on one side of the island, and at one of them he decided to build his boat. With his ax over his shoulder,

he went out to select the trees he desired to saw into boards. Other pieces he selected for the ribs, and within a week he had his material at hand and seasoning.

James found it a long and tedious job to saw out the boards, but he was forced to keep at it, as it was the only method at hand. Each day saw his work more advanced.

He took pictures of the progress of his work on the boat and also of his home. He had no dark room for developing, but as the nights are very dark in those regions, he simply covered the windows, lit his ruby lamp and had no trouble with foggy plates. Here, also, he loaded his plate-holders. He printed and toned and soon had a fine display of photos in his cabin. He determined to keep his plates, so that when he got back to San Francisco he could make up a set of extra fine prints.

Evenings he enjoyed his gramophone, and tested his electrical apparatus. Thus the weeks went by.

One evening as James was at the further end of the island he saw seven long canoes, with about

twenty-five men in each boat, approaching land. They came from some island to the west, and James wondered what they were going to do there. Would they go all over the place, or just make a landing? He had his gun with him and he determined to frighten them if they started out on a tour of the island he was on.

As they landed he saw that they were taking a captive out of one of the boats. He was tied hand and foot, and they laid him on the sandy beach. James was as far distant as he could get and still observe their actions. Finally a fire was built and preparations were evidently being made for a cannibalistic feast.

James longed to make a dash and rescue the prisoner, but he knew it would be useless, as he could do nothing against so many savages, and if they once knew he was on the island his fate would be sealed. All at once James saw a big savage with a long club, the end of which was full of sharp points, go up to the prisoner and strike him a number of blows on the head. The first blow was undoubtedly fatal, as no movement was made

by the prisoner. The savages then chanted a dirge or war song and marched around the fire, and when they were tired they sat down again, and a huge kettle was put into the flames and the body cut up and placed therein. The cannibals kept up a great noise for about two hours, and then began their feast, which made James almost sick to look at. When the eating was over, they all went to to sleep and it seemed as though they intended to remain all night. So, as soon as all were apparently asleep, James went back to his hut, and hid his most valuable articles, and then retired.

James was up with the sun, and after hastily eating he carefully returned to the landing place of the savages. They were yet asleep, but in a short time they got up one after another.

After eating of fruit they executed another dance and made a great deal of noise, and then re-entered their long canoes and departed from whence they came.

James watched them until they were out of sight and then he returned to his work.

He now saw that the savages on the neighbor-

ing islands were cannibals, and that they might be expected to occasionally visit the island. That gave him considerable concern for a time, but as he saw no more of them for several weeks he soon felt secure again.

CHAPTER XXII.

A STRANGE MEETING.

One morning James was sitting at his open door eating his breakfast and making a sweep of the ocean with his eyes when he suddenly discerned a small white speck in the distance. At first it looked like a gull, but as it did not apparently move, James got his glass from his trunk and watched it for some time.

"It looks for all the world like a sail," muttered James. "I wonder what it can be? It isn't a vessel, that is sure. It is coming here and appears to be a sailboat!"

James was hardly pleased at the sight, but his wonder was great. He had become quite at home on his island and did not wish anything of a disturbing nature to occur, unless it were a vessel to take him home.

As the object neared the island, James saw that it was a sailboat containing a single person.

Where did he come from? Was he a shipwrecked sailor or had he been set adrift from some vessel?

These conjectures went through James' mind, and he rather feared than welcomed the newcomer.

"If he is all right it will be delightful," thought James; "but if he is not, I shall have to take proper measures for my protection, that is all."

His house was protected from view by the bushes that grew in front, so that it could not, at once, be readily seen, so James retired inside and watched the actions of the new arrival.

Finally the yawl touched the beach and an old-looking man with long white hair and beard got out. He was finely built, and it could be seen that he was possessed of great strength. His clothes were nothing but rags, and these had been made out of old pieces of sails, and they were tied to his body with pieces of rope. He fastened his boat and then knelt down and apparently offered a prayer to God for having reached land.

"Well, there cannot be anything very bad about him," thought James to himself. "His first thoughts seem to be thankfulness for his safety. I'll just watch him a while and see what he does."

The man had landed a little distance from where James had located, so he saw none of the signs of improvement that were evident about the house. He walked to the trees and picked some fruit, but ate sparingly.

Suddenly he saw where James had chopped down a tree. He examined the stump carefully, and then looked about half suspiciously, half expectantly.

"That was cut with an ax," he muttered. "And it could not have been done more than a month ago, for the wood is yet fresh-looking. I wonder if the island is inhabited? If so, by whom? One thing is sure, that tree was cut down by a white man. I wonder if he is here now? I must be careful, and watch my boat. That is the only thing left me with which to eventually get away from here." And the stranger returned to his craft, shoved it off and proceeded down the shore. Com-

ing to a little inlet he again landed and tied the boat securely near an overhanging tree.

James went through the woods and followed the man's movements. He took his revolver along, in case he might need it, but he now had little fear, as the stranger looked so noble and refined.

James saw, as he came near the boat, that it contained nothing but a keg of water and box of lunch, and his heart went out to the lonely stranger who was so ill provided for in his new position.

Then James boldly walked out into the open, and approached the boat.

The gentleman saw him. His first impulse was to re-enter his boat and put out to sea, but seeing James walking along so peacefully, he looked at him curiously. He admired the handsome youth, dressed lightly and neatly, for James had plenty of light clothes and was careful of them, for he knew not where he was to get others when they were worn out.

When James was near enough, he waved his hand in greeting and said:

"I am glad to meet you, sir. I am, like you

unfortunately cast upon this island. I have been here several months, and was much surprised to see you land."

James did not know if the stranger could understand English, but he appeared to be an American.

"I am equally glad to see you, young man. I saw signs of someone having been here and not knowing what I might expect, I was cautious. Let me shake your hand," and the old man held out his large, sunburned hand to James.

James greeted him cordially.

As the stranger looked at James closely, he drew a long breath and put his hand to his head. He seemed much affected.

"How like," he muttered, "how much like my dear Annie!"

The stranger seemed to be overcome with agitation and sat down on a stump.

James supposed that he was overcome with fatigue.

"Wait a moment and I will bring you a drink of water—fresh water." And James bounded off.

In a few moments James returned with a pail of fresh, clear water from a spring.

The stranger was sitting in deep meditation, thinking of home, his wife and children. As he saw James, he again looked at him scrutinizingly, and said:

“What is your name, young man, if I may ask?”

“Griffin—James Griffin—”

“—of San Francisco?” gasped the stranger.

“Yes, sir! Do you know the Griffin family? My father was Emil Griffin. He was lost at sea a number of years ago.”

The stranger staggered to his feet.

“Yes,” muttered the old man to himself, “it is my little James.” And then he called out:

“James! James! Don’t you know me? I am your father!” and he reached out his arms to embrace his son.

James was overwhelmed. He could not conceive the fact that it was his father that held him in his arms. He remembered his father as a younger man, but upon looking closer, he recalled the face,

now so altered! How terribly his father must have suffered all these years!

As James realized that it was indeed his father before him, he embraced him again, and tears came to his eyes—burning tears of joy.

“Come, father dear, to my house and let us talk over our affairs. Thank God for this meeting.” And James took his arm.

“Your mother and little Helen?” asked Mr. Griffin, for it was indeed Emil Griffin, so long mourned as dead.

“Both were well when last I saw them, several months ago. Mother and Helen were always sure that you would return, and have been waiting for you all these years. They would never believe that you were dead.”

“Thank God for that!” murmured Mr. Griffin. “Helen, too, must now be quite a young lady—seventeen years old!” said the father.

“Yes, and as beautiful as she is good!” answered James. “I am exceedingly proud of her. She is a brave and noble girl.”

“How wonderful it is, James, that we should

come together thus. It is truly the hand of God, and I am sure He will continue to protect us. I feel that in due time our troubles will be over. With you here life will at least be tolerable, but you cannot know what agony of mind I have suffered all these years!"

The two—father and son—soon arrived at the house. James could hardly do enough for the comfort of his father, who was truly in need of rest and food.

The father looked proudly at his son.

"How you have grown!" he exclaimed. "You are nearly as tall as I! And what a fine home you have here!"

The father was anxious to hear of his family and how James came to be on the island, and James was equally anxious to learn about his father.

James related in a few words all that had happened to him, Helen and his mother, and the doings of Captain Hardy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OFF FOR THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

Joe Farrell called daily at the Griffin residence. Several days after Captain Hardy had been there, Joe learned that the captain was selling all the property he could. He also saw the Sea Gull, and during the day he met the steward, an old friend of his. They had been boys together and were once great chums.

"Well, Joe, how goes it with you?" asked the steward, James Edmonds.

"Oh, quite well. When does the Sea Gull leave again?"

"We leave as soon as we can get ready. Captain Hardy is going along. There seems to be something in the wind. We never were in such a hurry before. I cannot but connect it with an incident that happened on our last trip. We picked up an old-looking man near an island. I heard the cap-

tain and the stranger talking in the cabin. He said his name was Griffin. They talked quite loud and mentioned Captain Hardy's name. The old man was again set adrift by the captain the same night, but I guess he reached an island all right, for we were near land."

"Griffin, did you say? Good heavens, it must be Emil Griffin!" And Joe became very excited.

"We're to leave for the same place where we shipped the old man," continued the steward, "and I've got a lot of work to attend to, so I'll have to say good-bye and good luck to you, Joe."

Joe shook hands with the steward and they parted. Joe hurried to the Griffin residence to tell the news. Mrs. Griffin met him cordially, and Joe related what he had heard.

"Thank God, he is yet alive," cried Mrs. Griffin. "Poor Emil, what suffering you must have gone through! May Heaven protect you! We must do something to rescue him, Joe! We must search all the islands until we find some trace of him! We must be quick about it, too, for Captain Hardy, you say, is going as soon as possible on the Sea

Gull to search for him—perhaps to kill him if he is found!”

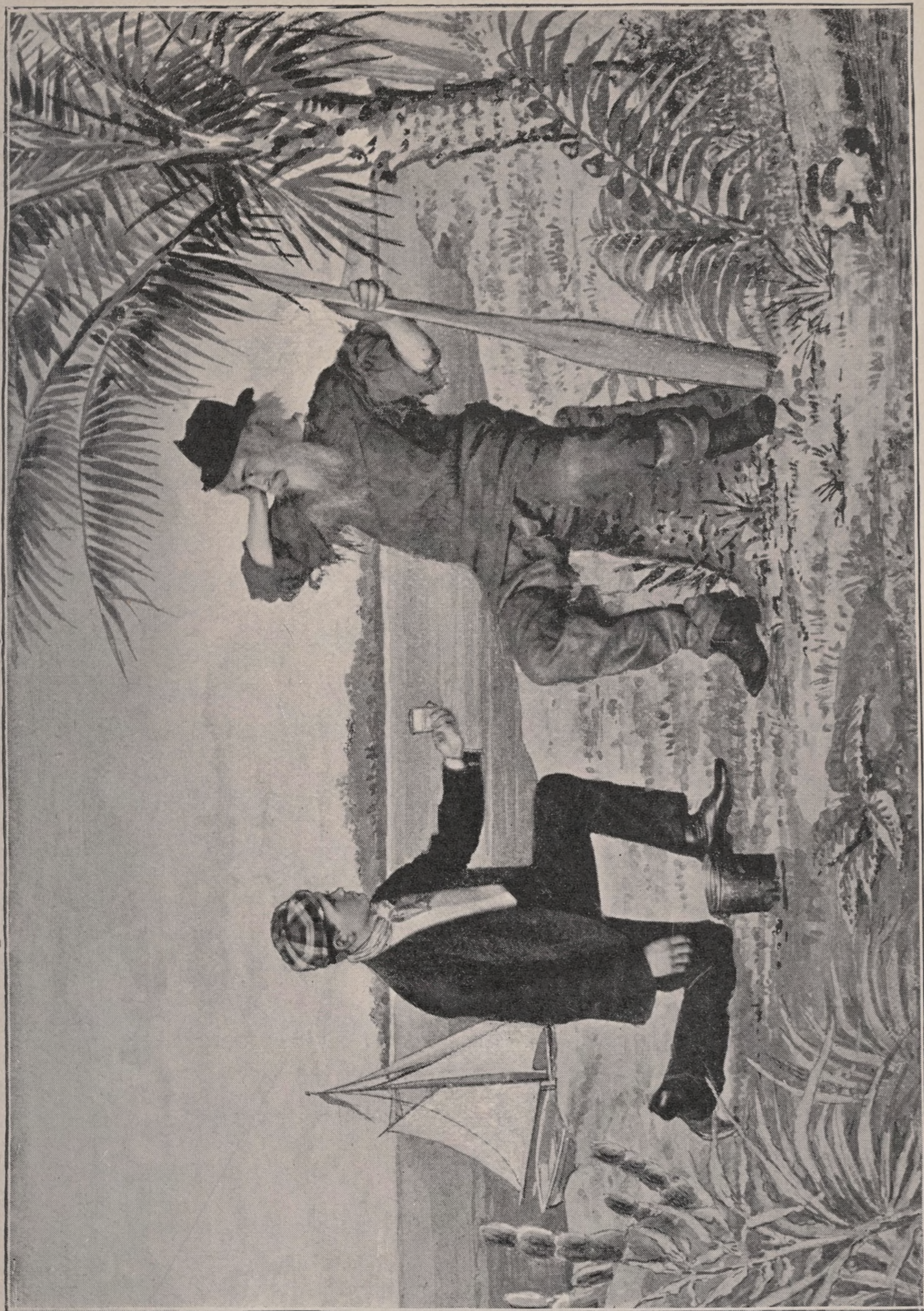
But how to get a vessel to make the search was a question that none could answer. Joe was poor, or he would have fitted out a ship himself. Mrs. Griffin had no means. Helen could offer no suggestion.

While the family was in such a dilemma there was a rap at the door and upon its being opened Captain Napier was standing there.

Helen greeted him warmly, and introduced him to Mrs. Griffin and Joe.

“I called, Mrs. Griffin, to see how your daughter was getting along. I was afraid she might be ill from her terrible experience, but I see she is thoroughly well. Miss Griffin has told me of the villainy of Captain Hardy, and having known Mr. Griffin so well, I am anxious to do whatever I can to be of service to his family.”

“We have just learned of one of the sailors on the Sea Gull that Mr. Griffin was picked up at sea a couple of months ago, but as soon as Captain Saam discovered it was Mr. Griffin, he again set him



“WHAT IS YOUR NAME, YOUNG MAN, IF I MAY ASK?” “GRIFFIN—JAMES GRIFFIN.”—See page 155.

adrift in a small boat. Now Captain Hardy is going in search of him—not to rescue him, but to kill him!” said Mrs. Griffin, in great agitation.

“Mr. Griffin alive!” exclaimed the captain. “Then I’ll go in search of him myself—we’ll all go together! Do you know, Mr. Farrell, about where they set Mr. Griffin adrift?”

“Not exactly, but as near as I could make out from the steward’s explanation, it was about in longitude 170 degrees and latitude 20 degrees. But you could soon find the island. You could call at every island on the charts,” returned Joe, delighted.

“And that is what I’ll do! I’ll prepare for the trip at once and within a week we’ll be on our way. You must go along, Mr. Farrell,” added the captain.

Mrs. Griffin was nearly overcome with gratitude at the offer.

“You may be sure, Captain Napier, that we fully appreciate your liberal offer. I cannot repay you for your kindness, but you may be sure that if

Mr. Griffin is rescued he will reward you handsomely."

"I expect no reward," returned the captain, kindly. "It will be reward enough to have outwitted Captain Hardy and bring him to justice."

"We may also find James," said Helen; "they may put him off on some island where father is—James and father may even be together!" And she looked radiant in expectation of such an event.

Captain Napier discussed the matter thoroughly with Mrs. Griffin and Joe Farrell, and then hurriedly left to fit out his boat for a long cruise among the South Pacific islands.

Joe also prepared to accompany the party, and Mrs. Griffin packed up the necessary things she would need for their comfort on the trip.

Joe watched the *Sea Gull* all next day and again met the steward, and got all the information he could.

Three days later the *Sea Gull* was ready for sea and Joe saw Captain Hardy on board.

Several days after the *Sea Gull* had left, Captain Napier met a friend—an attorney—and related the

events connected with Captain Hardy. The attorney advised that a warrant be made out for his arrest and the arrest of Captain Saam also. He also counseled taking an officer along to serve the warrants.

He consulted with Mrs. Griffin on the matter and the warrants were secured, and Joe Farrell was deputed an officer and detailed to the duty of arresting Captain Hardy wherever he might be found.

Two days later Captain Napier with the ship *Seattle* was ready to follow Captain Hardy, and with Mrs. Griffin and Helen and Joe on board, the staunch vessel sailed through the Golden Gate on her trip to the rescue of Mr. Griffin.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. GRIFFIN TELLS HIS STORY.

After James had told his father all about the affairs at home, Mr. Griffin related his own adventures since leaving San Francisco over ten years before.

The vessel, his own, on which he was making his trip to Australia in 1881, was the *Golden State*. They were struck by a heavy storm and driven far from their course, near the islands where he now was, and the ship foundered. The boats were swamped as fast as they were lowered and many of the crew were drowned. Mr. Griffin was finally thrown into the water by a great wave, and, clinging to a spar, he finally reached shore more dead than alive.

When he recovered consciousness after a long sleep, he saw the vessel rapidly going to pieces on

the rocks near the beach. All the crew were drowned and he was alone.

The island seemed uninhabited, but was like the island here, rich in fruits and vegetation.

Mr. Griffin collected all he could from the debris that came ashore and constructed a hut. He had not the tools that James possessed, so he could not build a boat. But he managed to cut out a canoe from a tree with a piece of iron he had sharpened on a stone. It was a long job, but he finally succeeded in his task. He made a keel on it, so that it would not so easily tip, and he had worked it out so thin that it was light and suitable for calm weather. Here he had lived for months and years, every day looking for a sail that it seemed would never come. Savages made visits to the island yearly, but he always managed to hide his canoe, and he had planted so many bushes about his hut that it was entirely overgrown. He had anticipated such visits and had used every precaution to prevent being discovered, for he feared he would be killed and eaten if they captured him. In a large tree he had fixed up a little shelter and at about the

time for the savages to come to visit the island, he took refuge there, first providing himself with an abundance of food and water.

“On one of their visits,” said Mr. Griffin, “they discovered my hut, for they carried off many things I had taken from the wreck. Fortunately nothing valuable was lost, for I always hid all my useful articles in different places. At that time they made a thorough search of the island, but of course they never suspected that I was up in the top of a tree. I was always careful not to have any beaten paths, from place to place, and I always took different routes when I went from point to point. Here I waited days, weeks, months, years! I observed my hair and beard grow long and begin to turn gray from anxiety. I prayed by day and prayed by night, still no ship came.” And Mr. Griffin wiped his brow in remembrance of his agony.

“Thus time went on and hope grew less in my breast. You can imagine my feelings then, one evening, to discover a vessel out at sea! I was in a delirium of joy! I became so weak that I could hardly stand up! My brain reeled! I was to be

rescued at last, when I had almost given up all hope of ever leaving the island! As soon as I recovered my strength I hastily got out my canoe. The ocean was calm, and hardly a breath of wind stirred. As fast as I could, I rowed for the vessel in the gathering darkness. I thought of your mother, yourself and Helen, and I almost shouted for joy. I must have presented a wild appearance, for when I finally reached the ship the sailors drew back. I asked for the captain, and told him that I was an American and had been on the island ten years. I asked the name of the ship and learned that it was the *Sea Gull*, one of my own boats—Captain Saam. I quickly told him who I was, and instead of being pleased he drew back. He told me that I was supposed to be dead, that by this time Captain Hardy was surely married to your mother, and that I would be better off to remain where I was. He said he could not take me along—would not do so under any circumstances. I pleaded; I offered him money, but it was no use. During our talk a storm was brewing, and the captain went on deck, and soon we were skimming

along under reefed sails. When he returned we were far from the island and I was certain that I would be allowed to remain. He surely could not cast me overboard, nor could he put me adrift in my light canoe, as it had doubtless been left behind.

"Captain Saam, however, said that I would have to leave the ship and leave that very night. He told me he would fit out a boat and set me adrift. He threatened that if I made an outcry, he would kill me. It was no use to plead or argue. He was determined to get rid of me.

"When there were only a few men about, he made me come on deck, hustled me into the yawl boat, and cast me loose. He told me that a big storm was coming and that I would doubtless soon be drowned. I knew not which way to steer, so let the boat go with the wind. The vessel was out of sight in a short time, and I was alone on the broad ocean in an open boat! I expected the storm to burst upon me at any moment, and prepared myself to meet death, but happily the wind went down, and when morning came I saw land far away. I steered for it, and landed here.

James was indignant at the action of Captain Saam.

"Never mind, father, we are here together now. We will build a big boat, provision it for a long cruise, and endeavor to reach civilization. We can do that in a year, at least." And James rose with restless energy.

"I am afraid, James, that Captain Saam will cruise about these islands to search for me, for he saw that the storm blew over and must know that I reached land. He will not rest until I am dead."

"Well, he will find that you are not alone, at any rate. We will give him a warm reception if he ever makes any attempts on our lives." And James looked significantly at his gun and revolver.

"When he returns home and reports to Captain Hardy, I am sure they will start in search of us. Captain Hardy knows it will go hard with him if I should return. I do not understand how I ever trusted him so."

CHAPTER XXV.

SAVAGES AGAIN VISIT THE ISLAND.

Mr. Griffin and his son James spent many an hour talking over their plans for the future. Had they not been worried over Mrs. Griffin and Helen, who was supposed to be a prisoner where James had parted from her, their lives would have been enjoyable indeed. Still it was a great comfort for Mr. Griffin to have James with him to talk to. He found his son well-read, even brilliant, and was surprised at his knowledge in botany, chemistry, electricity, etc.

Mr. Griffin one day remarked that it was time for the savages to be making their trips to the neighboring islands, and he feared they would come here also. He suggested that proper precautions be taken so that they would not be captured.

With the aid of the tools that James possessed

they decided to make a place of refuge underground instead of in a tree. They concluded that it would be the safer plan. So they selected a suitable place on the side of a bank for an opening and began to dig tunnels in many directions, and one of them led to quite a large chamber, the roof of which they braced up with posts to keep the ground from falling in. They made several openings, one of them leading to an old hollow tree. Here they prepared everything so as to make a last stand. They arranged it so that if they were pursued they could close up the tunnel with dirt and stones, so as to effectually stop pursuit. When everything was ready, they obliterated all traces of their work, and in front of their openings they planted thick bushes, and felt that they had an impregnable retreat. They made a connection with the house, so that at a moment's notice they could carry all their food, tools and goods with them and close up the entrance.

"It would require an army to fight us now," said James with satisfaction, surveying their work.

"I'll just rig up some of my electrical apparatus

and get my fireworks ready, and if any savages ever come here, I'll guarantee it will be their last visit. My magic lantern will give them a scare, too. Besides, I'll take a few snap shots at them with my camera, and astonish them with my gay-looking kite."

Mr. Griffin, too, felt secure. He had the greatest confidence in his son, and was considerably astonished and amused with his ventriloquism, his sleight-of-hand tricks, and his electrical experiments.

As Mr. Griffin had anticipated, one pleasant afternoon twenty long canoes, with about twenty-five savages in each canoe, were seen approaching the island.

With great haste everything was secreted in their underground retreat.

Then James got his electrical battery ready, and strung his wire along the shore, where the savages would be sure to see it. In about an hour after first being observed, they reached the island. They looked like a war party, but were evidently only on some religious pilgrimage.

The first native to land, saw the wire and took hold of it curiously. He called the others' attention to it and they also grasped it.

Suddenly James turned on the current. The savages began to dance in their bare feet on the wet ground, which made a good connection. They made every endeavor to let go of the wire, but were unable to do so. Then they began to howl dismally. The others looked on in astonishment and terror. They grasped their friends' hands to pull them away, and they were also caught. Then James let out his great kite, on which was painted a hideous face, something that would scare a child into fits. It had a similar effect on the savages. It rose higher, higher, and hung right over their heads. Some of the savages got into their canoes in terror, but the appeals of their friends for help caused them to hesitate. After a short consultation, a great number of them made a rush to release their companions, but were also caught like flies on tangle-foot paper. Only a few were yet free, and in their terror they all

scrambled into one canoe, and made all possible haste to escape.

After they were gone, James came down to the beach, collected all their spears and clubs and carried them away. Then he went with gloved hands and rubbers on his feet, and bound the savages, one after another, until all were secure.

He was surprised to hear several of them speak brokenly in English, and when he asked them how they learned it, they said the missionaries had been on their island, but that they had finally killed and eaten them.

James shuddered at the calm recital of so terrible an act.

He spoke to them for some time. He questioned them about God, and asked them if they did not think it was wrong to take a human life, especially the life of one who was laboring for their welfare.

The savages had but a dim understanding, and James concluded that it was almost useless to argue with them. But he made up his mind to frighten them, and prevent, if possible, any future human

sacrifices. He got his gramophone, and gave them a great scare. They could not understand where the voices came from.

"What has happened here," said James, throwing his voice over their heads, "is a penalty for killing white men. God is displeased with you, and will punish you for killing the missionaries!"

They all moaned pitifully and pleaded for mercy. They said they would never again harm a white man, if they were let free. They looked upon James as one sent from God to punish them for their conduct, and they saw that he had a power that they could not fight against.

James left them for a time to think over their situation, while he hauled in the kite and collected the wire.

Mr. Griffin stood by, with gun and revolver in case of need.

"We have them in our power," remarked the father. "But what are we to do with them? They'll be a sort of white elephant on our hands. There are about 200 of them, and it will keep us

busy to feed them. Besides, a large rescuing party may be sent over to attack us."

"I don't think any of those who escaped will care to return," answered James. "They would be afraid to ever again set foot on this island. Still, there's no telling what those may do who were not here. We'll wait until night, and let them go. When they are in their canoes we'll send a few sky-rockets after them and burn a lot of red fire. That will cause them to forever keep away from here."

James told the savages that they would be released, and that they would then see terrible lights or angry spirits; that they should never again harm a white man or they would all be destroyed.

He gave them water to drink towards evening, and rigged up some frames to shoot off his spinning-wheels and skyrockets. Everything was ready for a grand Fourth of July celebration, when suddenly, just as the sun was setting, a great number of canoes were seen coming, evidently to the rescue. The captured savages did not see their friends, and were kept ignorant of their presence.



THEY SELECTED SUITABLE PLACES FOR OPENINGS AND BEGAN TO DIG DITCHES IN MANY DIRECTIONS.

—See page 171.

The rescuers seemed to be holding off for darkness, under cover of which they apparently wished to deliver their friends.

As soon as it was dark, James gave them an exhibition of his magic lantern, and then liberated a boat load of savages at a time, and they lost not a moment in pushing out to sea. In half an hour all were afloat, and then he set off several skyrockets after them. Then followed Roman candles, great spinning-wheels, and red and green fire.

The savages must have been terribly frightened.

After the exhibition, the two inhabitants of the island retired to their underground retreat for the night, in case an attack was made.

Next morning not a canoe was in sight.

Evidently the savages would hereafter never again want to visit that particular island.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PURSUERS.

While James Griffin and his father were living on their island prison and getting along so nicely, Captain Hardy was on the broad ocean, bent on finding Mr. Griffin and forever putting him out of the way.

Captain Saam calculated just about where Mr. Griffin must have landed if he got ashore, and consequently the Sea Gull was headed for the very island where James and his father were located.

Captain Hardy was uneasy and restless on the trip and drank heavily. He feared his prey would escape him.

"Well," he said, half consolingly, "I have disposed of a great deal of property and have enough money in my belt to provide for me in case of emergency. I must move cautiously now, and if

Mr. Griffin should return, I can escape to Australia or to Europe. I am safe at all events."

Early one morning as the sun rose in all its glory, the Sea Gull was lying off the island on which were James and his father.

Captain Hardy scanned the shore sharply with his glass and suddenly uttered an exclamation that brought Captain Saam to his side.

"Look there, captain! Do you make out a man standing on the beach looking right at us?" asked Hardy.

Captain Saam took the glass and looked carefully.

"Emil Griffin!" he exclaimed. "Captain Hardy, there he stands as sure as I'm here! We'd better lower a boat and us two go ashore alone! We must get rid of him on the quiet!"

A boat was hastily ordered lowered and the two men rowed ashore. When quite near, they saw another man also standing on the beach. The younger man held a glass to his eyes.

Suddenly the two ran and disappeared in the woods.

"There are two of them!" exclaimed Hardy. "Who can the other be? They've made for the woods, but they cannot escape us. We'll beat over the whole island until we find them."

That morning Mr. Griffin had gone down to the beach to get some oysters, and was on the shore before he saw the vessel out on the ocean. At first he could not realize that it was really a vessel.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, "a ship! a ship!" He stood a while to convince himself that it was no illusion. Yes, there was a ship! A boat was being lowered!

"James! James!" shouted Mr. Griffin. "A ship! a ship! Come here at once!"

James heard the call and was by his father's side in a moment.

"At last, father, we are to be rescued. See! a boat is coming ashore now. I'll get the glass and see what the vessel looks like." And James hurriedly returned to the house for his field-glass. He looked long and carefully.

Suddenly he turned pale.

“Father, Captain Hardy is in that boat! He is pulling the bow oar! There’s no doubt about it! Come, we must escape! They intend to do away with us and we must look out for ourselves!” And the two hurried to the house and quickly let down into the tunnel all their goods. They hurriedly carried everything away and securely closed the opening.

“We have more to fear from those two men than from the hundreds of simple savages, but I think we are secure here!” said James.

Captain Hardy and Captain Saam landed and looked about. They were both armed with revolvers, and it was their intention to shoot Mr. Griffin on sight and do away with him without any of the crew knowing it.

They fastened their boat and followed the path that led to the house. It was deserted!

“They have taken to the woods and I don’t see how we can hunt them down alone,” said Hardy, looking at the deep undergrowth. “They may have many hiding places and could elude us for a year. We must get the crew ashore to help in

the search and trust to luck to get rid of them in the future. We cannot allow Griffin to remain here to be picked up and some day return to San Francisco to prosecute us. You know you would lose the Sea Gull, which you now own, but which really belongs to Griffin. Come, we must make a systematic search for them. Griffin, doubtless, became suspicious and hid." And Hardy and Saam returned to the boat and rowed out to the vessel.

James looked out from a hole in the hollow tree and watched the return of the two. Mr. Griffin also took a look with the glass and quickly recognized Captain Saam.

"They have come to murder me!" said Mr. Griffin, "and if Captain Hardy finds you here, James, he will also do away with you. They are returning to the vessel, and we must watch."

Soon the two men, who had hidden like rabbits from some hound, saw a couple of boats put ashore with about half the crew on board.

The men were promised a large reward for the capture of the old man on the island. They were told that he was a fugitive from justice, and that he

was the same party they had picked up on their last trip and again set adrift.

The men were all anxious to secure the general reward, and the one who made the capture was to get a hundred dollars extra.

They were eager for the capture, which they thought would be quite easy. The men were spread along in a line and were ordered to examine every bit of ground over which they went.

James and his father now knew that it was to be a hunt to the death! They further secured themselves against attack, and arranged it so that if any of the openings should be discovered, they could quickly close up sections of the tunnel.

At first the men were quiet in their search, but after a while they became more noisy, and the two men in hiding could hear their shouts in all parts of the island.

Some of the men came to where James and his father had their big boat building.

Captain Hardy was called and he ordered everything burned. They also found the boat in which

Mr. Griffin had been set adrift. Two of the sailors rowed it to where the other boats lay.

At noon the hunters returned to the place where they had landed.

Captain Hardy also ordered the house fired, and looked about in vain for the tools that must have been used in building the boat, but he could find nothing.

"It is plain that the person who is here with Griffin has provided a secure hiding place. They must be in a cave or up in some trees," remarked Captain Hardy to Captain Saam.

"Well, they're not in the woods, at any rate," returned Captain Saam, "and I don't think they are in a cave, for there are no caves on the island. They must be hiding in the top of some of those palm trees."

The men did not return to the ship for dinner, because they could get more to eat on shore, but Hardy and Saam went back to see if all was right and to devise some method of capturing Mr. Griffin.

"I wonder who it can be that is here with Griffin?" pondered Captain Hardy.

"He seemed a young-looking fellow, and was dressed neatly, while Mr. Griffin had on the same clothes in which I set him adrift. He was a hard-looking sight," returned Captain Saam.

"At all events he seems afraid of us. Griffin must have recognized you and told him that we were in search of him," said Hardy.

"What we ought to do is to fire the whole island and burn or smoke them out. If they are hiding in any tree they would soon drop down like dead flies," suggested Hardy.

"A good idea," assented Saam. "But would the trees burn?"

"Well, if they won't burn they will smoke terribly, and the wind will carry the smoke all through the woods and drive them out."

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN SEARCH OF THE ISLAND.

Captain Napier, on the vessel *Seattle*, with Mrs. Griffin, Helen and Joe Farrell on board, sailed day after day in a southwesterly direction.

The captain cheered Mrs. Griffin with his confident words, and Helen was so sure that they would soon rescue her father that the mother was greatly comforted. But one thing worried her.

"Do you think, Captain Napier, that we can arrive before Captain Hardy?" asked the anxious woman. "You know if they capture him they will doubtless murder him at once."

"We can but hope to do so. Let us put our trust in God. He surely will not forsake us. We should have overhauled the *Sea Gull* by this time, but Captain Saam knows exactly where to go, while we must cruise around. You may

be sure that if Mr. Griffin is yet alive he will not fail to hail us."

They visited many islands on the charts. At one of the islands where they went ashore for fresh water and fruit, the sailors were astounded to run across a huge bamboo house in the center of the island, and saw every sign of luxury through its open porticoes, while the surrounding country was laid out in beautiful gardens.

As they appeared in the open glade, an aged white man left a stockade close to the house, and, followed by his native wife and children, with twenty black servants bringing up the rear, came toward him. The modern Robinson Crusoe either refused to speak or had forgotten his native tongue, for he made himself understood by signs, and this dumb show was to the effect that if the visitors did not leave the island at once it would be worse for them.

The white man, like the natives, wore no clothing except a loin-cloth made of skins. The natives treated their white master with great reverence,

evidently looking upon him as a big chief or a deity. The man's identity could not be learned.

At first they thought it might be Mr. Griffin and went back to the boat to tell Captain Napier of what they had seen. He accompanied the men ashore and soon convinced himself that it was not the man for whom they were searching.

At another island they were about to lower a boat to make inquiries, but Captain Napier discerned a rakish-looking craft in an inlet. Although piracy on the high seas was now uncommon, except, perhaps, in Chinese waters, he concluded to take no chances, and resolved to cruise around the other side of the land.

As the natives on shore saw the ship sailing away, two long boats put out with the evident intention of at least speaking to the captain.

No arms were to be seen on board, and they pulled along leisurely enough, but Captain Napier did not intend to be caught napping.

When he began his cruise he had prepared for the possibility of a conflict with Captain Hardy and the crew of the *Sea Gull*, so he had ample arms

to man every seaman on board. He also had on board a cannon, that had been given him in China by an English officer. The piece had once been in an old fort there, but had been discarded to make room for something more up-to-date. It was used on board occasionally to fire salutes. It was a muzzle loader, and the powder charges were made up in red flannel about the size of bananas. It was quite a formidable weapon against savages, and it was now brought up on deck with a block and tackle, loaded and placed in view of the oncoming boatmen, and he ordered the cook to have lots of hot water ready. The men in the two boats were a mixture of Malay and other races, and they looked capable of committing any crime.

When they got within speaking distance, the captain asked them what was wanted.

"Me want to sell fruit and fish," shouted one, in fairly good English.

"Don't want any," returned Captain Napier. "We have all we care for."

"Me sell cheap," returned the leader, and the boat came nearer and nearer.

"Don't you come any closer!" called out the captain. "Stand away, there!" he shouted, as one of the boats swung alongside near the bow.

There was considerable fruit in the boat, and the captain thought they might be all right after all, but he determined not to allow more than one man at a time on board. But several of the natives stood on the side of their boat and proceeded to clamber over the ship's rail.

Joe Farrell stood by with a pike pole and placed it in front of the native's breast, which caused him to fall back.

The other fellow came on board with a basket, gave a searching look about and then addressing Captain Napier, proceeded to show him a lot of curios. He evidently expected to get all the crew interested, but Captain Napier gave a quiet order, "Every man in your place, and keep a sharp look-out. Shoot the first fellow who attempts to board us."

The captain purchased a few articles from the

native and gave them to Helen, but he kept his hand on his revolver, ever ready for a treacherous act.

Finally the trading native returned to the long boat, and it was plain to be seen that he was displeased with the men, for he scolded them and appeared very angry. Then he suddenly gave a sharp order, and in an instant all hands sprang for the rail of the ship.

A dozen shots rang out at almost the same time, and Joe poked two of the natives over into the water. There was a howl of agony among the men, and two of them sprang on board with their long knives, which they pulled out from their loose clothing. They were both laid low with pistol shots.

The anchor hung right over one of the native boats, and Joe quickly released the dog that held the windlass, and the great heavy iron went rattling down and crashing into the boat, which was demolished in a twinkling with its crew swimming in the water.

The hot water was now brought forward, and

with a hand pump, used for cleaning the deck, the hose was turned onto them. Every native in the boat jumped into the water to escape a scalding, and all started to swim to shore, which they reached safely. None of the pirates appeared to be killed, and the two wounded ones on deck were helped overboard into the remaining boat and set adrift.

The men acted admirably during the excitement, as did also Mrs. Griffin and Helen. They were confident in the ability of the men to beat off the visitors, so they acted coolly all through.

The pirates should doubtless have been served in the same manner that they treated their victims but Captain Napier thought they had been given a severe lesson.

Raising the anchor, the ship sailed away, leaving the Malays to attend to their various injuries.



MRS. GRIFFIN AND HELEN STOOD NEAR THE RAIL, AND ANXIOUSLY WAITED FOR THE CAPTAIN TO SPEAK.

—See page 194.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TO THE RESCUE.

The Seattle finally arrived at another island, and saw many savages. Some came on board in canoes to trade, and these were questioned.

They happened to be some of the same savages that had visited the island upon which James and Mr. Griffin were located.

In answer to questions, they said in broken English that there were two men on a neighboring island to the south. The men possessed some wonderful power. One was a young man and the other was old. They explained how they had been caught on a wire, and told about the great face in the sky, and the terrible fire that shot at them in the night. They also spoke of the voice in the air over their heads.

Helen listened closely.

"That sounds like some of James' work! He is

quite a ventriloquist, and with a wire and a battery he could do just such things as they described. It must be James and father. Let us proceed at once in the direction they say that island is located," cried Helen to Captain Napier.

Helen's enthusiasm was contagious. Although so young a girl, she inspired confidence in the others.

The vessel was soon under full sail for the island that was the temporary home of James and Mr. Griffin.

As they neared the island they saw dense volumes of smoke, and Captain Napier looked long and carefully with his glass. Mrs. Griffin and Helen stood near the rail and anxiously waited for the captain to speak.

What could it mean? Was a ship burning? No, more likely a fire on the island.

"It is a good sign, for it shows that some one is there and alive, and doubtless the ones of whom we are in search," said the captain.

As they sailed nearer the island, they saw around the side a vessel lying at anchor.

What vessel could be there except the Sea Gull? It was out of the track of all ships, and here was an island uninhabited save by two white men. Yes, the vessel must be the one in charge of Captain Hardy and Captain Saam.

Captain Napier had no doubt that it was the enemy's vessel, so he hauled around to get out of sight until he could learn exactly how matters stood. He had a good and true crew and had plenty of arms on board. They would not take the offensive, but would fight for their rights if necessary. The smoke on the island was now terrible, but as the wind was blowing away from them they did not feel it.

A boat was lowered and the occupants rowed along shore, to identify, if possible, the other vessel.

They soon returned, and reported that it was the Sea Gull.

Captain Napier then quickly realized the meaning of the fire and smoke. It was to burn or smoke out the two occupants of the island.

A boat was quickly lowered and the captain, Joe

and a number of men went ashore. Over half of the island was smouldering.

"I hope we have not arrived too late," said Captain Napier, apprehensively. "Captain Hardy and his men are firing the island, and poor Mr. Griffin and his son may already be smothered."

"I don't believe it!" said Joe, "they have gone through too much to die at the last moment. You don't know that boy! If he gets cornered he would take to the sea and swim to one of the other islands!"

The captain could not help smiling at the confident words of Joe.

"That's all right, Captain; he swam from San Francisco bay, out through the Gate and many miles down the coast one night—and he can do it again! Do you remember what we heard about how he treated the savages—three hundred of them? Well, he'll prove as slippery for Captain Hardy, too." And Joe pulled savagely at his heavy moustache.

As the boat neared the shore they heard shoot-

ing and yelling, and realized that there must be some reason for it—and the only inference was, that Mr. Griffin and James were being hunted.

“Pull lively, men!” cried the captain. “We must take a hand in this matter, too.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

JAMES AND HIS FATHER SMOKED OUT.

When James and his father saw the intention of the men to fire the island, their hearts sank within them. They watched the operations of the crew of the *Sea Gull* with apprehension.

A great number of trees were cut down and fires were started among the brush, and it was not long before the smoke became so dense that no one could breathe in it.

The beginning of the fire was right over the path of several branches of the tunnel.

The underground passages had been made so near the surface that a hot fire would soon penetrate to the interior.

James felt of the ground repeatedly all along the top of their retreat, and realized that the heat was penetrating to them, and that the light framework would soon catch fire and drive them out.

"Father," said James, "it is only a question of a short time when we shall be forced to leave this retreat. As we did not calculate on the island being thoroughly burned over, we did not go deep enough to keep the heat from penetrating to us."

"Come, let us begin at once to dig deeper. Perhaps we can yet do so before the heat becomes too intense," ventured Mr. Griffin.

So the two set to work vigorously—James chopping the ground with his ax and his father shoveling away the dirt. The space was so small that the progress was slow and fatiguing. The heat was becoming alarmingly intense and the air was stifling.

"It's no use, father. We must get out of this," said James finally. "But where can we go? The whole neighborhood is being burned over and the men are guarding every avenue to prevent our escape. They are all armed and would doubtless shoot us on sight. Captain Hardy has probably told them lies about us and promised them liberal rewards for our capture."

"Yes, Captain Hardy is desperate. He would

not stop at murder now to get rid of us. We must escape from here, for the heat is becoming unbearable," said Mr. Griffin, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

James, too, was suffering from the heat. All his electrical apparatus, which was so effective against the savages, would be useless now. True, they had a gun and revolver, but even if they did succeed in killing one or two of the crew, it would mean their death, for the others would then feel justified in shooting them down like wild beasts.

"James," said Mr. Griffin, "it seems that we must surrender. We cannot stand it here much longer. We shall soon become prostrated with the heat. My head now seems like bursting! We must have fresh air! Let us immediately go to the coolest point and get out and trust to God for our final escape! We can make an appeal to the men—perhaps some of them will listen to us! Anything is preferable to this intense heat!"

They immediately proceeded to one of the places arranged for an exit. They quickly cleared away the supports to the ground. Dense smoke

was all about them and fires were smouldering in every direction.

James saw that there was a comparatively clear space in a direction almost opposite to the side where the Sea Gull lay at anchor. It was the only avenue of escape, and the two men determined to take advantage of it.

Quickly emerging from the retreat, they started on a run through the woods.

Mr. Griffin had tied a wet handkerchief about his head and carried the rifle, and James had his revolver, although it was agreed not to use them unless to save their lives for the time being.

They calculated that if they were armed they could better treat with their pursuers.

They had gone but a short distance when one of the sailors on watch saw them and gave the alarm. Answering shouts were heard from different parts of the island.

The two men ran with all possible speed toward the opposite beach. They heard shots fired near them, and it seemed as though they were being hunted like wild beasts. They felt that escape was

impossible. Was death to be the end of their sufferings after all?

"Here they are! Here they are!" shouted a sailor close to them.

"Don't let them escape!" they heard the voice of Hardy call out.

Captain Hardy was like a wolf in chase of a fagged-out horse. He saw his victims near, and he would soon forever be rid of the man that stood between him and a fortune!

James and his father remained together and made several circuits, but kept the sea in sight.

Finally, seeing that they were being closely pursued, and constantly being shot at, Mr. Griffin suggested that they conceal themselves and return the fire of the sailors. Accordingly they hid behind a lot of thick undergrowth, and Mr. Griffin sent a few shots into the woods with his rifle and James did the same with his revolver.

This was something so unexpected by the sailors that they made a precipitate retreat. Captain Hardy and Captain Saam were also surprised,

never for a moment suspecting that the two men on the island were armed.

The shooting by James and his father had a salutary effect on the crew of the *Sea Gull*. The offer of money for the capture of the two strange men suddenly lost its charm, for the crew evidently valued their lives a great deal more than a few hundred dollars. Then their not knowing the resources of the enemy, made them hesitate about renewing the attack.

Captain Hardy urged the men to go forward, but remained out of sight himself. The sailors, however, kept back. They thought he ought to lead them and rather wished him to say: "Come on, boys," like a brave leader would.

Suddenly James saw a ship lying at anchor not far from shore. It was not the *Sea Gull*!

"A ship! father! a ship!" he exclaimed. "See! a boat has been lowered and they are coming ashore! We must reach the beach before we are overtaken! They surely will protect us when they hear our story!"

And James and his father got up, the former

leading the way as fast as he could to the point where the boat would land.

Finally the two rushed toward the boat that was just making a landing. They were both terribly exhausted, and could not speak. They felt that succor was at hand and their energy relaxed.

James was almost at the fainting point. His brain was in a whirl, while his father lay on the beach overcome. Suddenly, in his dazed condition, James heard a voice that sounded like the sweetest music:

"That's James Griffin! James! James!" and Joe Farrell was out of the boat and running to the now unconscious young man.

Joe took him to the water's edge and bathed his face, and the captain did the same for Mr. Griffin.

In a few minutes both revived sufficiently to speak.

"Is it really you, Joe?" murmured James, as tears of joy came to his eyes. "You were just in time! But how came you here?"

Just then a number of men dashed out into the open. Captain Hardy had seen James and his

father again get up and run, and with a shout urged the men in pursuit. As soon as they emerged from the underbrush they were astounded at what they saw! A boat on the beach and a vessel lying at anchor on the placid bosom of the great ocean! It was all there before their eyes! They also saw that each man had a gun in his hand!

They were dumbfounded, and fell back to wait for Captain Hardy and Captain Saam.

These men soon reached the sailors; Captain Hardy was perspiring and out of breath. He looked at the scene before him in amazement. He finally concluded to put on a bold front and demand the prisoners.

Ordering his men to follow, he neared the group and called out:

"We are searching for two men who are fugitives from justice! I see you have them there! I demand that you deliver them to us!"

"You are mistaken!" called out Captain Napier. "These men are not fugitives from justice! You have made an error in the persons! It is yourself

and the captain of that vessel who are fugitives from justice!"

Captain Hardy drew back, but quickly recovering himself, he said:

"At them, men! We are two to one! We shall see who has the power here!"

But not one of the sailors moved. They were not pleased at the looks of a blue-coated officer. Hunting two castaways was one thing, but fighting those men, each armed with a gun, and a vessel back of them, was quite a different matter!

CHAPTER XXX.

A HAPPY MEETING.

As the boat left the vessel, Mrs. Griffin and Helen stood by the rail and watched. One of the officers, with glass in hand, scanned the shore. He reported to the two ladies what he saw.

Suddenly he threw them into the wildest agitation by crying out:

"There comes an old man and a young man out of the woods! They are evidently being pursued! Both have dropped on the beach! Joe is carrying the young man to the water and bathing his face! Captain Napier is doing the same to the old man! There come the men who were chasing them!"

"Oh, let me look!" cried Helen, as she eagerly reached for the glass.

"There stands Captain Hardy!" she exclaimed. "And there is James! Oh, James, James! Oh, mother, James and father are together and res-

cued!" and Helen could not look longer, for tears filled her eyes.

"Come, let us go ashore at once!" cried Helen.

Mrs. Griffin was so overcome that she could not speak. Her husband alive—her son, also, on the beach! She clasped her hands and lifted them to heaven in gratitude. Oh, what happiness for her!

A boat was hastily lowered and Mrs. Griffin and Helen entered. The men fairly made the boat leap through the water, urged on by the excited cries of Helen.

As the boat reached the shore, James and Mr. Griffin were waiting. Helen waved her hand to the two men. She knew now that it was her dear father and her brother James.

The meeting between the wife, husband, sister and brother was affecting and happy. There was not a dry eye, even among the rough sailors. They all turned their heads away.

When Captain Hardy saw Mrs. Griffin and Helen, and recognized Joe Farrell as an officer, his face dropped. He had supposed that the men



MR. GRIFFIN SENT A FEW SHOTS INTO THE WOODS WITH HIS RIFLE, AND JAMES DID THE SAME WITH HIS REVOLVER.—See page 202.

were strangers, but now he knew it was all up with him.

"Mr. Officer, arrest those two men!" ordered Captain Napier, and Joe slipped handcuffs on Captain Hardy and Captain Saam, almost before they realized it. Captain Hardy protested, threatened, and blustered at the indignity offered him, but seeing that no attention was paid to his words, he looked over at the happy group to his right and attempted to smile, but it was a sickly effort.

"A very affecting meeting!" he sneered.

"Yes, Captain Hardy," said Joe, "and there will be an affecting separation when you are sent to prison for your rascalities."

As Joe spoke, he stepped nearer to Captain Hardy and added:

"Let me search you, Captain, for some of the money that belongs to Mr. Griffin. You must have considerable with you, as you sold a great deal of property before you started on your trip."

Joe found a well-filled wallet, and further examination disclosed a belt full of greenbacks. These he handed over to Mr. Griffin's care.

Captain Saam protested pitifully, and said he was acting under orders from Captain Hardy. His words were in vain.

He was kept handcuffed. The sailors were told that as the vessel belonged to Mr. Griffin they would be under his orders hereafter. But Mr. Griffin left the whole matter in charge of his old friend Captain Napier, to do as he pleased. The crews of the vessels were changed somewhat, and the sailors were glad to escape so easily. They said they were simply obeying orders, and believed what they had been told—that the two men were murderers and fugitives from justice.

Captain Hardy and Captain Saam were returned to the *Sea Gull* and a large part of the crew of Captain Napier's vessel were also put on the *Sea Gull* and an equal number of the *Sea Gull's* men were put on board the *Seattle*.

They lay at anchor several days, and after the fires on the island had gone down sufficiently, James, his father, mother, Helen, Captain Napier, Joe and several of the crew visited the place where James and his father had made their home. The

cosy little cabin in which they had lived was totally destroyed, having been burned, but James and Joe went into the tunnel and brought out all of the articles concealed there, and they were conveyed on board the vessel.

The party also visited all the points of interest, and Helen was not satisfied until she, too, had gone into the tunnel and seen the retreat of James and her father.

Seated in one of the favorite spots of observation of her brother and father, she asked James to relate all the incidents of their stay, and she had many a merry laugh over the stories James told her.

"When I heard how the savages had been treated on this island, I knew it was some of your work, James. No one else would have thought of such a thing."

Finally the time came when they must be thinking of returning home, and soon all were aboard ship and the anchor weighed.

James and Helen and the happy mother and proud father made a pretty picture as they sat together on deck discussing the future. Mr. Griffin

could not help wondering at the tall and handsome Helen, whom he always had in his mind as a girl of but seven, as he had left her ten years before.

The return voyage was a pleasant one. The winds were favorable and the weather clear and many a story was told by Mr. Griffin, James, and Captain Napier.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CAPTAIN NAPIER'S STORY.

"Say, Captain," remarked James one day, as all were seated on deck, "as you have spent your whole life on the sea, and your father before you also did, you must have had many interesting experiences. Tell us some of them."

"Well," returned the captain, "if you care to listen to a story I shall be pleased to entertain you for a few minutes. I have been in several shipwrecks, but that is simply the old story of big waves and howling winds, a long struggle in the water, and then to reach land more dead than alive. But the story I shall now relate to you is an incident that happened about thirty years ago, when I was a lad of ten years. My father had taken me with him on a trip to China as he thought I could learn a great deal by traveling, and he also gave me lessons regularly in reading, mathematics, and seamanship. I

was a big boy for my age, and a general favorite among the crew.

“We had left the beautiful bay of Manila and were on our way to Canton for tea, when a storm drove us near the island of Formosa. Here we lay to until the wind went down and the sea subsided, and then we worked our way toward the Chinese coast. This was in 1860, and at that time Chinese pirates were numerous in those waters. My father was a man who believed in being prepared for every emergency and would no more have thought of going on his trading trips without a good supply of weapons, than a scout on the plains without a rifle. It was a lucky thing for us that we were so well provided for, or I would not be here now telling this story and Mr. Griffin and James might both be dead, for I could never have gone to their rescue. Well, one evening, just as it was getting dark, we saw two junks, with several oarsmen handling sweeps, or long oars, approaching us from a little bay. We paid no attention to them at first, for we had met several small merchant vessels, and none of them had molested us. But as it grew darker, our lookout noticed that they were continually nearing us. My father was

notified and came on deck to investigate matters. One boat was now on each side of us, and no more than one hundred feet distant.

“ ‘Ship ahoy, there! keep away!’ cried my father, but whether they had not heard us or did not understand, they kept nearing us, and father ordered the guns and cutlasses brought on deck and every man armed. Hardly a breath of air was stirring just then, so even the man at the wheel was free to help in the defense of the craft.

“My father knew what to expect if we were attacked, for he had heard of many a merchant vessel being stripped of cargo, food, and even sails, leaving the crews with hardly enough rigging to reach a port. Resistance without success means death to every member of the crew, so when there is no chance of success the crews at once turn their vessels over to the pirates and run the risk of saving their lives. Should the forces be about equal, a fierce fight ensues, which means death to the defeated party. This method has caused the pirates to generally go in force, and led them to take it for granted that if they were more numerous than the traders there would be no need of a fight. That was

doubtless the opinion of the pirates (for pirates they were) in the two junks near us. We could see in the dim light that the boats fairly swarmed with men, and by the time they swung alongside of us every one of our men was armed with gun and cutlass. We were twenty men to about forty, but none of our crew feared the outcome of the impending battle. My father told me to go into the cabin, so as to be out of the way, and I hastily obeyed him, but as there were guns to spare, I took possession of one and cocked it ready for business. Standing in the cabin door, with my weapon resting on top of the cabin, I was determined to shoot, too, if an opportunity came.

"The mate was on one side of the vessel and my father on the other, and the orders were to fire as soon as an attempt was made to board us. It was not long before I heard the order to fire, which was followed by groans and yells. The bullets did not stop them, for those who were not injured nimbly climbed over the rail. Then the cutlasses came into play, and a terrible battle resulted. The Chinese rushed at the crew with their long knives, and three of them were forcing my father back step by step,

although he was swinging his cutlass about him vigorously. He finally reached the rail and the pirates were about to rush in on him when I fired and two of them fell to the deck. The third was struck down by my father, and when he rushed to help the others we all had the pleasure of seeing the remaining pirates jump overboard into the sea. Regaining their junks they immediately put off. We now compared notes, and found that we had not lost a man, although several had received ugly slashes with knives.

“My father praised me highly for my shot, and said that it undoubtedly saved his life. There were about ten dead pirates on the deck, and they were tossed into the sea. The decks were washed up and the guns reloaded in case of another attack, but we thought they would not care to make another trial.

“It was about midnight when the watch reported that three craft were quietly approaching, and all hands were aroused to resist the expected boarders. Several pails of oil were brought on deck, and it was our intention to throw this into the boats, followed by oil-soaked burning brands. It was thought that every one of the piratical crew would

jump into the water as soon as the oil blazed up. There was danger, though, of our own ship taking fire, but my father thought it was worth while running that risk.

“The pirates would doubtless use new tactics in the second attack and we could see that they were coming in force—at least sixty men, and probably more than that. Our men were now reduced to about sixteen, and we could scarcely hope to cope with them the second time, but we recognized that now it was a matter of life or death, and every man was prepared to fight to the last. As soon as the boats came within range of our guns we let go at them, and as they swept up alongside, we quickly threw the pails of oil into the boats, followed by the burning brands. It worked like magic. In an instant the junks were in flames, and some of the men jumped into the sea, and others attempted to escape the flames by boarding our vessel, but they were cut down as fast as they reached the rail. It was a terrible sight, and the roar of the flames was mingled with the cries of the pirates. A light breeze had sprung up, and we were quick to take advantage of it. Slowly we moved from the vicinity of the

burning junks, and none too soon, for the flames were already catching in the rigging and it required the attention of several men with water to keep our own boat from taking fire. However, we were soon clear of the pirates, and found that none of our men had been injured in the second battle. For some minutes we could see the burning craft, but what became of the crews we did not know. We presumed the majority of them were drowned. A number doubtless saved themselves on the remains of the burned craft. At all events, our resistance must have proved a wholesome lesson to them.

“We finally reached our destination, and in leaving Canton we put straight out to sea to as soon as possible get beyond the reach of the numerous small craft that everywhere infest the Chinese coast, and a large number of which are preying on commerce.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

MR. GRIFFIN TELLS OF OUR NAVY.

"Your adventure," remarked Mr. Griffin, "reminds me of what father once told me of an encounter he had while in the United States navy. I have never related it, so it will be interesting to James and Helen."

James, Helen and the others listened attentively while Mr. Griffin continued:

"It was in 1823, when father was about twenty years old, that our commerce about Cuba was greatly interfered with by the West Indian pirates. The Spaniards either could not or would not exterminate them, so our government rigged up a lot of small vessels and called them the Mosquito Fleet, and they were sent after the freebooters. Father was on the Greyhound, on which the noted Farragut was a second lieutenant. The Greyhound was a schooner of eighty-five tons and she carried one long pivot

gun and two eighteen pounders. The fleet was under the command of Commodore Porter.

“There was quite a heavy storm when the little vessels left New York in February, 1823, and the Greyhound became separated from the others, and arrived in the Mono passage, between Hayti and Porto Rico, nearly two weeks after the others. On the way she was chased by a British man-of-war, the captain of which suspected that she was a pirate sailing under false colors. The English war vessel sent a big shot in front of the Greyhound’s bow, at which the Greyhound’s captain saucily returned the fire. This removed all doubt in the mind of the British captain as to her right to carry the American flag, for he laughingly remarked that no one but a Yankee would have the impudence to fire like that. The Englishman sent an apology and invited the officers to dine on the big boat.

“As one of our boats was entering the harbor of San Juan, she was fired upon and one of the men fatally injured. This was done despite the fact that the American flag was flying at the mast of the vessel. For this outrage the Spaniards made but a mild apology, and we learned that they looked with dis-

favor at our efforts to clean their waters of the buccaneers.

"The pirates were aware of every move we made, and for a long time our work was futile. But one day two of our boats surprised a long craft in a calm on the Cuban coast. Our boats had about thirty marines on board, and the pirate had at least sixty well-armed men. The latter had a nine-pounder brass gun, and when they saw the two little boats coming at them, the commander looked for an easy victory. He hoisted the black flag, loaded the cannon with grape-shot, and told the advancing blue-jackets that he would blow them out of the water before they reached him. Nothing daunted, our men pulled at their long oars, advancing from different directions, so that the enemy's shot could disable but one of them. Suddenly the cannon boomed and hit one of the vessels, but did little damage to boat or men. Our sailors did not stop, and when the smoke cleared away the pirates were panic-stricken to see our boats on each side of them. Although the robbers were two to one, they never stopped to make a defense, but like sheep jumped one after another into the water and swam for the

shore. About forty of the cutthroats were shot as they were swimming, and among them the leader of all the pirates. He was named 'Little Satan.' Had our men faltered every one of them would have been killed, but their boldness was too much for the bloodthirsty but cowardly fellows. Many a battle has been lost by stopping at the moment of victory, and that is what the Indians on the plains have often done. Their method has been to make an attack and then retire, always giving the defenders time to get ready for the next charge. They have been defeated in many a contest when they were ten to one, because they did not have the nerve to continue forward after being shot at.

"After this our boats cruised about the different islands, and the pirates always disappeared whenever our men came in sight. At Santa Cruz, on the south coast of Cuba, the crews of the Greyhound and another boat had an exciting adventure. While going through the deep undergrowth they were fired upon by a band of pirates. The fire was returned with vigor, but with what effect they did not learn, for it was deemed best to return to their vessels. The chances are that the pirates also ran at the

same time. Before daylight next morning Lieut. Farragut was ordered to land with a number of men and father was one of them. The two schooners were to watch the shore closely and aid us if we were attacked. The men did not like that kind of work, for they knew not where they were going; and they feared to be fired upon at any moment. At one place they came out upon the beach and the men on the vessels thought they were the pirates and began to fire at them. They soon saw their mistake, however.

“Later on the haunts of the pillagers were discovered by one of the boats and a body of our men was ordered to go inland, make a wide detour and close in behind the pirates. The vessels in front would drive them toward our men and it was expected that the men on board would shoot them down as they retreated. It was so hot that several of our men were attacked with nausea, and all of them were covered with perspiration and blood, for their bodies were terribly lacerated by the numerous thorny bushes about them. At last they reached the desired position and waited for the signal gun of the Greyhound. Suddenly they heard a noise as



"CAPT. HINES," SAID JAMES. "LET ME INTRODUCE TO YOU AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE, MY FATHER,
MR. GRIFFIN."—See page 231.

though many men were advancing upon them, and they concluded that it was the pirates and that they were surrounded. The man in command made a number of fine speeches, exhorting the men to be brave and sell their lives as dearly as possible. At the conclusion of these and other brave words the men were astonished to see a large number of huge land crabs moving along instead of pirates. There were roars of laughter, and the men could be heard whispering to each other: 'Stand fast, boys! we can whip them!' The officer in command felt rather cheap at the unexpected turn of events.

"Shortly after this a shot rang out and we closed in. Men with bundles of goods were seen running in all directions and our men shot at them, but they disappeared in the undergrowth. We soon came out on the bluffs and saw a few houses, a lot of boats, cannon, ammunition, etc., and later discovered a cave full of goods that must have been just taken from a British merchant vessel. Our men took what they considered of value and destroyed all else.

"Our vessels kept up a vigorous campaign for some time, and made it so uncomfortable for the

pirates that they were soon scattered, and probably went into peaceful occupations. The work of our government was of great value and doubtless resulted in the saving of thousands of lives and much treasure."

James and Helen were pleased to learn of the doings of their grandfather, and James never tired of listening to the stories his father told.

It was a happy day when the family returned to San Francisco.

Mr. Griffin now again occupied his old office and James helped him to straighten out the tangle left by Captain Hardy.

They found that Captain Hardy had been reckless in his business methods, and had sustained large losses, but the sum of money secured from him on the island was a great help to them. He had tied up many properties with mortgages and had spent the money freely.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CAPTAIN HINES' LAST TRIP.

Let us now return to Captain Hines, who after he left James asleep in the woods on the island, returned to the ship, and reported that James had run away from him and had probably deserted.

"He's the most foolish and reckless young fellow I ever knew," said Hines to his men, "and if he's not here on time, we must leave him to his fate."

He ordered the men to halloo for him, but all their calls failed to receive a response.

"Well, Jack, go on board and get his trunk and bring a gun, an ax, a saw, some nails, a piece of canvas and other things, so that he can build himself a hut. It would be a shame to leave him here without anything, though he'd never have to starve. I'll write him a letter, telling him of his foolishness." And Captain Hines appeared much concerned about James.

In reality he felt sure that James would go mad with fright when he awoke from his drugged sleep, and as the island was out of the course of any of the ships plying in the South Pacific the chances of his being rescued were remote. He knew that the neighboring islands were inhabited by cannibals, and it was more than likely that they would visit the island, capture James, and kill him.

The men soon returned to the *Essex*, and the anchor was hoisted and the ship sailed away to New Zealand, where the cargo was to be sold and a new load secured.

The first night out, Captain Hines waited anxiously to learn if the mysterious voice and those terrible noises would still be heard. All was silent!

"Just as I thought," he muttered. "That Griffin boy being on board was undoubtedly the cause of the trouble. Well, I'm mighty glad he's out of the way, and as soon as I get back I'll get my reward from Captain Hardy. Then I'll sell this boat and settle down somewhere on a farm and take it easy. I'm sick and tired of this everlasting

sailing, and if I keep at it, I'm liable to go to the bottom some day."

To make sure that the spirit voice was gone for good, Captain Hines found an excuse one day to lay a rope over one of his men's shoulders. He trembled in doing so, but there was no command to hold his hand.

The unwelcome spirit was gone—there was no doubt about it! Henceforth he would have peace!

One day a black cloud came up apparently out of the water, and gave warning that a violent storm was approaching. All the sails were reefed and the ship made ready to receive the blast that was approaching. The *Essex* turned over on her beam ends, but she came up again, shipping a big sea, and carrying one of the men overboard. He might have saved himself, as he had hold of a line, but he was thrown against the rail with great force and was probably rendered unconscious.

There could be no thought of an attempt at rescue, for it was doubtful for a time if the boat itself would not go down.

Suddenly there was a crash, and the foremost went by the board. The men were at work with axes in an instant, clearing away the wreckage, and as soon as all was adrift, the men prepared to secure the main mast and prevent it from also giving way.

The storm was over as soon as it came, and they continued on, and finally reached Auckland to make needed repairs.

Captain Hines disposed of his cargo at a good price, and he soon had the hold filled with another load for the San Francisco market, and set sail for home.

"I'm a rich man," he soliloquized. "Captain Hardy will reward me handsomely for all my work. Besides, the profits of the cargo will net me a round sum. Well, I guess this will be my last trip, and about time, too. I'm getting pretty well along in years, and it's time I was thinking of getting married and settled down. And the captain smiled in anticipation of the ease and comfort he would hereafter enjoy.

It was with a sigh of relief that Captain Hines saw his ship tied up at the wharf in San Francisco bay after his long voyage.

"I'll hurry up, and see Captain Hardy and report to him the result of my trip." And off he went to the office on Market street.

Had he suspected that he was to meet James and his father instead of Captain Hardy, he would have gone to the ends of the earth to escape.

One day, while James and his father were busy in the office, the door opened, and they were surprised to see Captain Hines standing there!

Amazement and horror was depicted upon his face when he beheld James, whom he had left on an uninhabited South Sea island. He instinctively placed his hand before his face to ward off an unseen danger.

"Captain Hines," said James, as coolly as though he was an ordinary visitor, and without rising, "let me introduce you to an old acquaintance, my father, Mr. Griffin."

That was too much. Captain Hines never said

a word, but backed out of the room with his hands covering his eyes.

As soon as he was gone, James telephoned to the police station that Captain Hines had arrived. He was quickly arrested, and it was not long before it was discovered that he was the murderer of Sam Collins, which he finally admitted. For this he was taken to another state, and is now serving a life sentence.

Captain Hardy received six years' sentence for his attempt upon the lives of James and his father, and Captain Saam was also sent up for his complicity in the affair.

As soon as matters were fairly well straightened out, James returned to College, to complete his course. But there was a wonderful change in his looks, actions, and thoughts, brought on by less than a year's adventures. His trials had made him more sober and self-reliant, and he now fully felt the responsibilities of life. He spent little time in the athletic work in which he excelled, and more in reading and study. His trials had greatly broad-

ened his mind, and he was now a man in every sense of the word.

He now made wonderful progress in his studies, and within a month had left all his classmates far behind. With his matured mind, he quickly grasped the full meaning of the most complex subjects, and inside of a year he left his studies to relieve his father of all business worries.

Helen, too, had changed greatly, and she also returned to her studies, her music, and elocution lessons.

Mrs. Griffin was as happy as anybody could be. While at one time she thought the sea had claimed all who were dear to her, she now fervently thanked God every day for the great blessings He had conferred upon her. And while her children were now greatly changed in many ways, their love and affection was none the less.

Mr. Griffin's old friends were glad to see him, and his reappearance was a wonderful surprise to all.

And so, in the end, the good triumphed, as they should, and the bad received their just deserts.

[Six years later, in 1897, the exciting news came to San Francisco of the discovery of gold in the Klondyke, and Joe Farrell, who had been there prospecting for several years, was one of the first miners to return. He had gone up to Circle City at James' expense, and had secured a claim. When he was ready to return, James, Helen and several others accompanied him to Alaska, and they had many exciting adventures in the land of gold.

The new book, entitled "James Griffin's Adventures in Alaska," is now ready. It is profusely and handsomely illustrated.]

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This story gives the reader a graphic description of the trials of the gold-seekers who went to Alaska in the fall of 1897, over the Dyea trail. Joe Farrell returns from a several years' prospecting trip, and then he and James Griffin, Helen Griffin and others make up a party to seek for gold. At Seattle they meet Edward Barry, a newsboy, and they decide to take Edward with them, as his father is in Alaska.

When Mr. Griffin, who is in Europe, learns that James is going to the Copper River District, he decides to make a trip there and meet his son and daughter, and accompanies a party of gold-seekers from Port Valdes. A daily diary is kept by one of Mr. Griffin's companions for five months, which is true, and is given in full, describing the difficulties of crossing the glaciers and going up the rivers.

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There are sixteen pages of illustrations of realistic scenes in Alaska, in which our party forms a prominent part, and also a number of photographs of views taken along the trail.

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There will be sixteen pages of illustrations showing our friends in various parts of South Africa.

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